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THE STANDARD.

SPEECH OF REV. SAMUEL J. MAY,

AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE
Anniversary of West India Emancipation,
At Flushing, L. I., Aug. 1, 1854.

THE deed we have come here to celebrate seems to me, on the whole, the most worthy and the most encouraging of any upon the page of history. Do not account this a mere common-place introduction to an anniversary speech. I say it deliberately, after much consideration; and the reasons I shall give for so regarding that deed, if they do not fully sustain my estimate of it, will at least exonerate me from the charge of any great exaggeration.

The emancipation of 800,000 slaves on the 1st of August, 1834, was a more worthy deed than that which has made forever illustrious the 4th of July, 1776—yes, as much more worthy as the *practical* application of a great principle is more worthy than the mere declaration of it. In a great emergency, it is true, "a word may be an act." The word of our Fathers of '76 thrilled, as no other word ever did, the heart of an oppressed world—roused the down-trodden everywhere to their feet, and brought them to a consciousness of their rights. The American Declaration was a glorious deed, for it was uttered by the representatives of a small people, partially united, possessed of but little power, and it was uttered at the certain hazard of bringing upon themselves the vengeance of the mightiest nation upon earth. But still it was only the annunciation of a great principle. The subsequent history of our nation has shown how very imperfectly that principle has at any time been appreciated—how shamefully it has, from the beginning, been violated—and, in our day, to what a fearful extent it is openly repudiated. Our fathers, it is true, first unfurled the banner, on which was inscribed the Gospel truth that all men were created to be free; but, forty-two years afterwards, so poorly taught and trained in the school of liberty had been their descendants, that they suffered the people of a proud monarchy to snatch that banner from their hands and bear it onward in the conflict for freedom where they dared not follow. While the Christians, philanthropists and politicians of England were concurring in a plan for the emancipation of 800,000 of the most abject slaves, under the most unpropitious circumstances, the Christians, philanthropists and politicians of these United States, with few exceptions, were standing aloof in distrust, if not in terror, more than intimating that it was unsafe to give liberty to slaves. Thus the deed of July 4, 1776, has been made, by our nation, little better than an empty sound, a rhetorical flourish; while the Act of Emancipation, August 1st, 1834, stands out before the whole world a substantial reality; more worthy than the former, because it *did* what the other, at best, only intimated ought to be done.

Again, the event we are celebrating to-day is more encouraging to our best hopes of social progress and civilization than even the result of our Revolutionary struggle. It was a greater deliverance; and it was effected by a higher order of means. It was a greater deliverance. One hour of slavery—such slavery as was enforced upon the bondmen in the West India islands—such slavery, alas! as is enforced upon more than 3,000,000 of our countrymen—one hour of slavery, said President Jefferson, outweighs ages of such oppression as our fathers threw off. And the emancipation of the West Indian slaves was effected not by the coarse appliances, the terrible violence and the base artifices of war, but by the power of truth, justice, the claims of mercy and a common humanity brought to bear upon the minds and hearts of a generous people.

I have no wish to undervalue the results of our revolutionary war. I am yet too much of an American to think of the struggles of our fathers for independence without emotions of pride—feelings of exultation. But they cannot have read the history of that war with careful attention who do not know that there was a great deal of fraud and corruption in the conduct of that conflict with Great Britain. It must have been the knowledge of all that we know, and of much, perhaps, still locked up in the secret diplomatic correspondence of Congress, that impelled Dr. Franklin to say, with so much emphasis, he was "glad the war was over, for *there never was a good war nor a bad peace.*" When one calls to remembrance the *real*, as well as the alleged, causes of that war—the protestations of regard for the mother country and of the wish to remain in allegiance, which the colonies declared up to the fall of 1775—in connection with their very harsh treatment of those (Tories, as they were called) who retained that regard longer than the leaders of the Revolution thought proper—when, in this day of consternation caused by over issues, one remembers the hundreds of millions of bills of credit which the Revolutionary Congress issued, but never redeemed, and the utter ruin of men of large and of small fortunes, caused by the legalized coercion that was applied to make those worthless bills pass as money—when one remembers the harsh means used to recruit the armies, to retain the disaffected, and compel them to endure indescribable hardships in a cause which they did not appreciate, and would not have voluntarily espoused—when one hears recounted the worse than savage cruelties inflicted upon the Indians—the ungrateful treatment of M. Beaumarchais—and the final infidelity of our country to her ally, France—although he may find several plausible excuses for all these wrongs, he cannot but see that they were egregious wrongs, and be led to the conclusion to which Franklin seems almost to have come, that scarcely any social good is worth the [illegible] war.

But let us turn from our fathers' struggle, which resulted in only the partial deliverance of our country, to contemplate that long-continued, generous, self-sacrificing conflict with the worst form of oppression, and the glorious consummation of it, twenty years ago to-day.

I regard the abolition of slavery in the West Indies as the most signal achievement of true Christianity. It was a victory won not by force and arms, not by the chance of battle, not by intrigue and stratagem, but by the power of truth and love!

"No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around;
But peaceful was the night"
In which, by moral might,
This work was done!

Where shall we find a deed to parallel with this? The overthrow of one dynasty and the establishment of another—the subversion of one hierarchy and the institution of another—have been the staples of history. Such events may have indicated some progress in the knowledge and love of the true and the right. But such changes in the State or the Church have so often been suggested by sinister, selfish or politic motives, and been accomplished by harsh, base or cruel expedients, that one's admiration of them is essentially qualified. We cannot help distrusting results, however lofty their pretensions may be, which have been prompted by unworthy motives, and accomplished by questionable, if not base, means.

Without, however, stopping to examine and compare the works of other reformers and patriots, we may claim for this of the First of August, 1834, a purer origin and a more beneficent accomplishment than for any other upon record.

The Gospel principle of God's impartial paternity to all men, and consequently of the natural equality of the rights of all men, has undoubtedly been the secret spring of every struggle by which the progress of society has been really advanced. The spirit of this principle has kindled in one class after another an aspiration to be freed from the ecclesiastical or civil or social disabilities which had been imposed upon them, and thus has brought successive portions of the brotherhood of men to the platform of their common humanity. It was this principle, dimly discerned, which broke the chains of the slaves in the Roman empire, and raised them to the estate of freemen. It was this principle that excited the successive struggles of the serfs of feudalism; gave to Englishmen their Magna Charta, and conferred constitutional governments upon the subjects of some European monarchies. It was this principle that animated the Puritan pilgrims to forsake all the comforts of life in civilized Europe and seek new homes in the wilds of America, deeming that place, wherever it might be, the greater wilderness where they might not enjoy the primal right of humanity—"freedom to worship God." To Christianity, both as it was first published by the Apostles and after its second development by the Reformers, we owe that quickening influence which has impelled men to bring down some of the proud mountains and raise up some of the humble valleys of social life, and so far prepare the high way of the Lord, who is coming, in the fullness of his power, to give deliverance to the captive, to break every yoke and set the oppressed free.

Until of late, however, this spirit, this sentiment of liberty and equality, has inspired men to labour for their own redemption—to struggle against the shackles that were impeding their own free action. But in the deed of the 1st of August, 1834, we behold an exhibition of this Gospel sentiment of human brotherhood operating on a far higher plain of beneficence than that on which the injured combat for their own rights. Here we behold a sight which, I believe, was never to be seen before—one class of men labouring to uplift another and very different class—the happy toiling and sacrificing for the miserable—the free vindicating the rights of the enslaved. Among all the noble examples of devoted friendship and high-souled patriotism that history affords, I can remember nothing like the wholesale compassion which was manifested in the enterprise which was consummated twenty years ago to-day. It was accomplished by the general co-operation of the favoured classes of society in behalf of the most unfortunate. It was the result of a long-continued system of agitation, kept up for the redemption of the most powerless and suffering of the children of men—an agitation kept up not by themselves, but by the most refined and elevated, as well as benevolent, people of Great Britain. This was the peculiarity of the deed we celebrate. Other men, in other times, of other religions too, have dared bravely, have endured heroically, have sacrificed lavishly for the redress of their own grievances, or for the redemption of their particular kindred, class or clan; but here, to-day, we have come to contemplate the grand consummation of toils, sacrifices and sufferings dared and endured, through half a century, by men and women who were at ease in their own possessions—who were not stimulated by any sense of wrong done to themselves or their class, but purely by their compassion for a most wretched portion of their fellow-beings, in a far distant part of the realm, whom most of those philanthropists had never seen, of whose wrongs they had only heard, and had heard also that their wrongs had produced upon them such effects as to discourage hope and somewhat allay even sympathy. The deed we this day celebrate was the triumph of labours and sacrifices commenced and persisted in through weighty discouragements, against mighty oppositions, in behalf of almost a million of people, thousands of whom did not know that they were cared for, and thousands more did not care for themselves; had become so hopeless and degraded as to be insensible to the rights which were demanded for them, and incapable, it was thought, of appreciating or using those rights properly when conferred upon them. Such were the subjects of the benevolent efforts that led to the glorious deed which has made this day forever to be remembered. There could hardly have been subjects more unpromising than these were very generally supposed to be. Known only in the most abject relations of life—seen only in the most menial employments—it was peremptorily declared by their oppressors, and not very confidently denied by their deliverers, that they were inferior to men, certainly not competent to exercise and enjoy the prerogatives of *free* men. Indeed, it was stoutly contended that they were happier, and every way better off, in bondage than they would be at liberty. But there were those in England who argued that it was slavery that had reduced them to their low estate, and if this crushing load were taken off them, they or their descendants would arise from their degradation and show *themselves* to be children of God. "Tell us not," said [illegible] happy in their bondage, for a happy slave must be a most degraded man"; and the attempt to allay our sympathy only increases it, for it shows how much more grievously they have been harmed, and how much more arduous is the work we have to do in their behalf. Certainly, if their physical, mental and moral condition was what it was declared to be by their enemies, and not confidently denied to be by their friends, they were among the lowest of the sons of men. And if liberty and equality could be justly claimed for them, those blessings could not be, with any show of reason or consistency, withheld from any beings in the form of humanity. Moreover, if the redemption of such a class of the descendants of Adam from such a system of oppression could be effected by the moral power of truth and the appeals of mercy, well may we take encouragement, and go forth to battle with any and every wrong, in the full assurance that whatever is wrong is doomed to destruction—that whatever ought to be done can be done—that "truth, indeed, is great and will prevail."

Here some would remind me that the West India Emancipation, in which we glory, was not accomplished by moral power, but that money was the lever by which at last the abomination of slavery was overthrown. The few words which our excellent friend Horace Greeley said on this point were adapted to leave this impression. I am too well aware that this base power was so applied that it may seem to have been the efficient instrument in the great work we celebrate. But all who are familiar with the history of that deliverance know full well, that it was well nigh accomplished before the thought of compensation to the slaveholders was suggested. The public sentiment and feeling throughout Great Britain had gathered such force that it could be no longer resisted, and the all but universal demand for the abolition of slavery was about to be heeded and obeyed. The horrors of the West India system of oppression, unequalled by any that had ever existed upon earth, excepting only (O mountains, fall and hide our shame) "the Peculiar Institution" in our Republic, the horrors of slavery had been so fully exposed that there was a general outcry of indignation at its continuance a day. The arguments alleged in its behalf had been so thoroughly refuted that those were sure to be put to open shame who ventured to bring them forward any more; and the senselessness and cruelty of the common prejudices against coloured men had been so effectually rebuked that none but the merest novices in the controversy ventured to appeal to them. It had become obvious that the Abolitionists were about to triumph—that the yoke of West India bondage must be broken, and the enslaved be set free. Then it was—on the eve of accomplishment—that some of the statesmen of England, who themselves, perhaps, were owners of West India estates, or had mortgages upon the properties of planters, insinuated the claim for compensation. At first, and then only a few weeks before the passage of the act, it was proposed that a compensation of £15,000,000 should be paid to the planters out of the earnings of those who were to be emancipated. This was too bad, and brought down a storm of indignation from the Abolitionists which swept away the base proposal, that the poor bondmen who had so long been deprived of every right, and had toiled all their lives without compensation, should now be required to pay such an immense sum for an act of scanty as well as tardy justice. At a later period, however, in the Bill that was finally passed on the 7th of August, 1833, it was provided that £20,000,000 should be paid to the planters out of the public treasury of the empire. This was wrong. If compensation were to be paid to any, it should be to the slaves, and not to their possessors—not to those who had all along hitherto been living upon the unrequited toil of their fellow-beings now to be set nakedly free from their grasp. There was, however, a show of reason why the Parliament of Great Britain should feel under obligation to make some compensation to those whom their act was about to deprive of what the government of the empire had recognised as legitimate property—especially as those planters who were to suffer loss by the act were not represented in the body about to impose upon them this loss. And then, too, the whole nation were guilty of having too long consented to this system of iniquity, and would have no reason to complain if the removal of it should be attended with a heavy expense to themselves. These reasons were not sufficient to justify the payment of money to the most egregious of all offenders against justice and mercy, for ceasing to do evil—but they were enough to allay any very strenuous opposition on the part of the Abolitionists, who, when the object of their fervent prayers and strenuous efforts for many years seemed to be within their grasp, could not stop to parley long about pounds and pence. The Emancipation Act of Great Britain is in this respect no example for us. Emancipation is not a question between slaveholders and non-slaveholders—much less a question between the non-slaveholding and the slaveholding States. No, it is purely a question of right, of justice and mercy, and common humanity, between the slaveholders and the slave. The claim of the wronged and outraged bondmen is not invalidated by the inability or the indisposition of any third party to pay a price for their redemption. They would have a perfect right to their liberty if there were no non-slaveholders in the land, no free States in this confederacy. The slave is a man, and therefore has an inalienable right, given him by the Almighty Father, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and the slaveholder denies him that right at the peril of his soul. It is not a right which can be bought and sold; and the unanswerable objection to the payment of a price for their liberty is, that it is in some sort a recognition of the right of those who would assume to sell their birthright to withold it from them until it shall be paid for.

Whether that part of the Act of Parliament which gave $100,000,000 to the planters, or rather to the wealthy capitalists of England, was justifiable or not, the acquiescence of the people in so heavy a draft upon their treasury was a most impressive addition to the public testimonial they had already given of their detestation of slavery. Thousands of them were willing that their own cup of comfort should be drained to the last drop, if that were needed to ensure to the enslaved a taste of the sweets of liberty. Encumbered and deformed, as it was by this compensative proviso and the apprenticeship system, the act for the abolition of slavery was passed by the British Parliament, on the 7th of August, 1833, to take effect on the the 1st of August, 1834. It was an event more auspicious to the cause of suffering [illegible] the Messiah. It was a practical acknowledgment, by the proudest monarchy on earth, that the humblest of human beings had an inalienable right to personal liberty.

A deep, rejoicing joy thrilled the heart of the British nation when the Act of Emancipation became the Law of the Realm. And yet, even the most ardent Abolitionists could not rejoice without a little trembling. The often repeated forebodings of the fearful consequences that would follow the sudden liberation of nearly a million of slaves, though they had been as often shown to be idle as the screechings of the owls, would still resound in their ears, and cause an uneasiness, which could not be entirely removed until the day of the promised redemption had passed. That day came, and with it an utter exposure of the falsity of those predictions of insubordination, violence and bloodshed which had been so confidently published through the land. I do not know a more thrilling passage than that in which Thome and Kimball describe the reception which these toil-worn bondmen gave to the boon of liberty. Many of you have, undoubtedly, read it many times; but on this day, the twentieth anniversary of the sublime scene, this graphic account of it should be read once more, if never again.

"To convey to the reader some account of the way in which the great crisis passed, we here give the substance of several accounts which were related to us in different parts of the island by those who witnessed them.

"The Wesleyans kept watch-night in all their chapels on the night of the 31st July. One of the Wesleyan missionaries gave us an account of the watch-meeting at the chapel in St. John's. The capacious house was filled with the candidates for liberty. All was animation and eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy, and, as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamation of thanksgiving, and praise, and blessing, and honour, and glory to God, who had come down for their deliverance.

"In such exercises the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed that when the clock on the cathedral should begin to strike, the whole congregation should fall upon their knees and receive the boon of freedom in silence. Accordingly, as the loud bell tolled its first notes, the crowded assembly prostrated themselves on their knees. All was silent save the quivering, half-stifled, breath of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the clock fell on the multitude; peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolate chords and weary heart-strings. Scarce had the clock sounded its last note when lightning flashed vividly around and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky. God's pillar of fire and trump of jubilee! A moment of the profoundest silence passed; then came the burst: they broke forth in prayer; they shouted; they sang 'Glory Alleluiah'; clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward their unfettered hands: but high above the whole there was a mighty sound that ever and anon swelled up; it was the uttering, in broken, negro dialect, of gratitude to God.

"After this gush of excitement had spent itself and the congregation became calm, the religious exercises were resumed, and the remainder of the night was spent in singing and prayer, in reading the Bible and in addresses from the missionaries explaining the nature of the freedom just received, and exhorting the freed people to be industrious, steady, obedient to the laws, and to show themselves in all things worthy of the high boon which God had conferred upon them."

Where will you point me to a sublimer scene? Could the most cultivated, refined, Christian-like people that ever lived have received such a boon more significantly, more properly, more beautifully? And yet these were the people of whom it had been said, they were a lower order of beings, incapable of appreciating the blessings of liberty.

But the wise and prudent, the practical men, are curious to know what have been the effects of emancipation. I answer, incomparably better than the opposers foretold they would; and better than the friends of the act could have reasonably expected.

In those islands where the apprenticeship system was rejected and immediate and entire emancipation was chosen by the planters, the transition of their labourers from slavery to freedom was unattended with any trouble. They passed with little or no commotion from under the dominion of Mr. Lash to that of Mr. Cash; and wherever they were paid even tolerably fair wages, they went on working better than they had been wont to do when impelled by fear of the driver's whip. There being no longer any fears of insurrections amongst them, a large portion of the military force stationed upon the islands was withdrawn, and the number of policemen greatly reduced.

The attempts in some of the islands to hold the newly freed men in the condition of apprentices were not productive of good results to the employer or the employed. The apprenticeship system proved to be but a modified system of slavery. The evil-minded among the masters could and often did make it, in some respects, more harassing even than their former condition; and they in their turn could and sometimes did embarrass and provoke their masters, by availing themselves of the few advantages which the new system gave them. But there were no outrageous offences and fewer committals than before for minor misdemeanours.

In some of the islands—Jamaica especially—there was from the first a powerful party irreconcilably opposed to the abolition of slavery, and determined to prevent the success of the benevolent enterprise. The planters were less prepared for the change than the slaves. They had never acquired any habits of industry or frugality—they were trained to live indolently upon the unrequited toil of their bondmen, and most of them were heavily immersed in debt. So soon, therefore, as their bondmen were finally released from their grasp, and they had received their portions of the compensation money and paid them over to their creditors in England, they were left, most of them, with their plantations, indeed, but with no energy to attempt their proper cultivation, and little ready money to command the services of those whom they could no longer compel to labour without wages.

Ten years after the act of British emancipation went into operation, I was visiting Niagara, and was attracted over to the English side, where, upon looking at the record book, I found the names of two gentlemen from Jamaica. Thereupon I took the Yankee privilege of "scraping acquaintance" with them, and, excusing myself for my impertinence, I said I was interested in the great question which was agitating the country and wished to avail myself of the opportunity to make inquiries respecting the results of emancipation. Having expressed their willingness to give me any information, I asked them how it worked? "O, not well at all," said they. "What is the difficulty?" '[illegible] work.' "Why not?" said I; "don't you offer them wages enough?" "Oh, yes; but then they won't let their women work." "Well," said I, "that is very shocking, indeed"—and I said it with a sort of contemptuous laugh and in such a manner that they at first supposed I was in sympathy with their own feelings—"then they won't let their women go into the fields and work as they used to do?" "No," said they; "and they want them to be dressed up and stay at home like white women." "Well," said I, "that is really exceedingly strange." By this time they began to perceive that I was rather on the other side; for I can never very well conceal my real feelings. However, I drew from them, in this partly jocose conversation and afterwards in serious talk, these facts, which they did not seem to regard as indicative of a spirit of elevation and improvement in the coloured people, but of a want of a proper disposition to keep up the amount of exports from the island—as if these poor people, who, even under the operation of the new system, received very little benefit from it, should be expected to be particularly interested in the amount of exports! They said the coloured people didn't like to have their wives and their daughters work, and this, said they, abstracts, of course, from the amount of exports very seriously; for formerly the women worked as well as the men, and many of them even quite as well; but now they are desirous of having their children brought up like those of white folks. This was, of course, to me an indication that the coloured people were aspiring after improvement—that they had a consciousness, as their friends all along said they had, of their manhood, and that if we would but give them an opportunity, they would do all in their power to bring that manhood out.

Our friend, Mr. Greeley, mentioned one fact as conclusive evidence of the benefits of emancipation, to wit, that no community of emancipated men had ever intimated a wish to return into the condition of slavery. There is another fact that may be considered as equally, if not more, conclusive still, and that is, that those who were once slaveholders have never once intimated a wish to have the system restored. Much as they have complained about the state of the island, they have complained of it as an effect produced not by the emancipation of their slaves, but by the policy of the home government. They have continually complained of the home government, that it has not done what it could for them by instituting tariffs and other legislative enactments for their protection against the slave labour of the neighbouring islands. To these complaints noble replies have come from the philanthropists of England, that it was because the planters have taken no pains to develope the resources of the islands. To these, again, answers and rejoinders have been made by intelligent gentlemen, themselves living in the islands, that what they wanted was, not new importations of labourers under one name or another, but only the adoption of such means as would develope the resources of the islands and encourage the energies of the population they already have, to produce all the effects the most sanguine friends of the islands could desire.

Mr. Chairman, I have detained you too long, and I will only say, in conclusion, that two great facts have been established by that glorious event we are here to-day to celebrate. One fact is, that it is safe to give liberty to any class of men who have been all their lives deprived of it; for it is not the gift of liberty that shall incite them to revenge, but, on the contrary, the withholding of it. The other fact is, that immediate emancipation is good policy on the part of the slaveholders. Entire and immediate emancipation is not only the right of the enslaved, but the result in the British West Indies proves that it is good policy. Compare the working of that partial emancipation which was introduced into some of the islands with the working of that emancipation which was immediate and entire in others, and I maintain that the position is established beyond controversy that immediate and entire emancipation is the best policy.

But, Sir, what means this senseless fear of immediate emancipation? What does emancipation mean? Not liberation from the control of righteous law. Who ever asked for that? William Lloyd Garrison, the glorious champion of this cause in our country, never dreamed of it, nor did any other man who was a friend of the slave ever ask for it. We do not ask that those who have been enslaved shall be emancipated from all restraint, all control, all righteous law, any more than that we ourselves should be so emancipated. What, then, does immediate emancipation mean? What but the immediate recognition of the rights of humanity in those to whom God has given those rights—the immediate recognition of man as man and not as a brute—the immediate recognition of his rights to be treated, and of our duty to treat him, as a fellow man. Analyze all that goes to constitute slavery; bring one after another of the enormities that cluster under that most accursed name under inspection, and who is there, that makes any pretension to the least sympathy for an enslaved fellow-being, who would say that it should be retained for a moment? Would you have a fellow-being held a moment longer liable to be sold to pay debts? O no, you would say. Would you have a man liable to be sold and separated forever from his wife and children? O no. Would you have a fellow-being who has the feelings and sympathies of a man liable to be subjected to chastisement such as even brutes ought not to suffer? O no. Would you allow a fellow-being to be held in that condition where he may see his wife or his daughter treated with indignity and outrage, without daring to remonstrate? O no. Would you withhold from these fellow-beings a moment longer the privilege to which all to whom God has given minds and hearts have an inalienable right—the privilege of learning whatsoever God may vouchsafe to teach mankind, either in that Word which he has spoken by the holy men of old who have been moved by His spirit, or by the great and good men of our own times who have uttered or are now uttering noble words of truth and righteousness? Would you withhold from them a moment longer the privilege of learning to read and of unfolding their faculties? O no. And so we may go on and take up one by one the elements of slavery, and as fast as each one is presented to the minds and hearts of intelligent men, they will at once say that it should cease now and forever. And yet, when we speak of abolishing slavery, they start up in alarm as if we were about to take a most important and dangerous step. Immediate emancipation, the doctrine first published by that noble woman, Elizabeth Heyrick, of Leicestershire, England—a woman though infirm in body, yet strong in mind [illegible] on this subject, than any other mind in Great Britain—this is the doctrine which alone can work redemption to the enslaved; for it is the doctrine which, pressed upon the consciences of men, alone can arouse them to the efforts necessary for the redemption of those who are in bonds. Immediate emancipation, that doctrine first announced in this country by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, is the doctrine which alone can guide us to the consummation of that glorious object which each and every one of us, I know, have deeply at heart, and for the attainment of which, when we contemplate to-day what has been done by the power of that doctrine in another country, and under other circumstances, our hearts throb all the more profoundly, hoping to see it accomplished in this country and in our own day.

FIRST OF AUGUST AT ABINGTON.

WE find in the *Liberator* of last week a very interesting account of the celebration of the First of August in the beautiful Island Grove at Abington, Mass. The meeting was large, and was organized as follows:

President—FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston.
Vice-Presidents—Bourne Spooner, of Plymouth; Charles L. Remond, of Salem; William Ashby, of Newburyport; William Whiting, of Concord.
Secretaries—James M. W. Yerrinton, of Boston, and Samuel May, Jr. of Leicester.
Finance Committee—Abby Kelley Foster, of Worcester; Robert F. Wallcut, of Boston; Jacob Leonard, of Bridgewater; Benjamin Wellington, of Lexington; Samuel Dyer, of Abington, and Mary Willey, of Boston.

A solemn and impressive prayer having been offered by the Rev. Mr. Dall, of Toronto, letters were read from several absent gentlemen; after which Mr. Garrison addressed the meeting in a carefully-prepared speech on the history of British West India Emancipation, tracing the various steps by which this great measure was at length reached, and deducing therefrom the striking moral and political lessons so applicable to, and so needed by, this country. It was phonographically reported and will be published.

In the afternoon, addresses were delivered by John C. Cluer, T. W. Higginson, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Caleb Stetson, Rev. A. T. Foss, Rev. C. H. A. Dall, and C. L. Remond. The speeches of Messrs. Higginson and Phillips were phonographically reported for future publication. Those of the other speakers are briefly sketched in the *Liberator*.

Mr. STETSON spoke strongly, as he always does. He said:

"The great necessity was, that there should be a party formed at the North that was opposed, not to the Fugitive Slave Law, because it is *needlessly* unjust and cruel, or because it is unconstitutional, but against *any* Fugitive Slave Law, and against *any* compromise with the gigantic sin of slavery. The great principle to be maintained by such a party, that slavery, instead of existing, as the South claimed, by authority or toleration of Almighty God, existed by rebellion against God, by absolute disloyalty to the Divine Government. This great crime and shame should be opposed by every possible means. The politician should seek to procure a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and of the Nebraska Bill, and every other law that gave any sanction to the infernal system; but slavery could not be abolished by any arrangements which were intended to act cutaneously, like ointment upon a superficial disease. It must be attacked as a system inherently base and wicked, to which no law or constitution could afford a sanction. If the Bible sanctioned slavery, as was sometimes claimed, so much the worse for the Bible. It only proved itself, in that case, *not* to be the 'word of God,' so far, at least, as those passages which sanctioned slavery were concerned."

Mr. Foss's speech was full of point. He said:

"The great hindrance to the progress of the anti-slavery cause was, that there was no settled conviction, in the minds of the people, that slavery was a sin, to the extent of unchristianizing a man. The Boston churches did not shut the slaveholder or slave-hunter from their communion. If a man robs a poultry yard, he cannot be a Christian; but if he rob a cradle, he may sit down at the communion table with his brother 'Christians' anywhere in the land. If a man steals the swaddling clothes of a baby, he has committed a great sin; but if there is a baby in the clothes, it is all right. The anti-slavery feeling was abundant in the land, as he had said; but it was the body of Christ, in the tomb, and a great stone was on the mouth thereof. But an angel would come down and remove the stone, and we should have a resurrection, and Christ would come up in the hearts of the people, and they would learn that Christianity was something more than signing a creed and the performance of ordinances."

Mr. DALL, of Canada, gave a very interesting account of the condition of the fugitives in that country, and of the feelings of the white people about them—mainly in answer to questions from persons in the audience, on the several points. He said that the fugitives generally found ready employment, the males as mechanics or labourers on farms, and the females in families. There was some indifference and hardness of heart observable among those coloured people who were not fugitives, but who had been there fifteen or twenty years, and might be called old settlers. They were not prompt to meet the fugitives; while the fugitives themselves were always generous. He had seen coloured men doing the best carpenter work in Toronto, where nice finishing, cornice work, &c., was needed.

He was sorry to say that there was quite as much pro-slavery feeling in Canada as in the United States. Western Canada was filled up chiefly with emigrants from England, Scotland and Ireland, who expected, though in very subordinate positions at home, to be "lairds" of the soil, when they came to America, and they did not like to have the fugitives come into competition with them. He feared that, unless anti-slavery lecturers were busy there, to keep alive the fashionable tone of anti-slavery feeling, severe restrictive acts would be passed, placing a barrier at the line between the two countries, which the fugitives could not pass.

In regard to the question of annexation, Mr. Dall said the thing had not been talked of since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. The act was looked upon as an inseparable barrier to the annexation of the two countries. The general feeling now was in favour of the union of all the colonies, as independent States, under the title of "The United States of British North America." Of course, the coloured people deprecated the idea of annexation to the United States.

From the sketch of Mr. REMOND's speech we copy the following:

"He was not in favour of fugitive slaves going to Canada even, because he wanted it kept constantly and plainly before the world that they had a *right* to stay in this land. If they must flee, let them flee from one State to another, until they should stir up humanity enough to defend them on their own soil (cheers). Another reason was, that he believed the day was not far distant when that country would become so identified with the United States that the coloured man's rights would be no more respected there than here, and then they would occupy less advantageous ground than if they had remained here. No longer than last summer, he went to Toronto, and found pre-[illegible] went to three or four public houses before he found one at which he could be admitted. There were coloured churches, ministers and schools, and it seemed to him that the coloured people were themselves carrying that damnable prejudice to Canada, if it were not there before.

"He protested, before God and his fellow-men, against the coloured man's flying to Canada. Let him stay here and fight the battle out. The day was coming when the fugitive slave might remain here in safety, and that day was hastened just so far as his friends would sustain the society that had gathered them together. The anti-slavery movement would yet make the atmosphere so warm with righteous sentiment that no disgraceful Curtis, nor shabby Loring, nor contemptible Freeman, could be found in our midst, but every one of them should be more despised and disgraced than was the coloured man now. His heart had been greatly gladdened at seeing so many coloured people on the ground. They had acted for some time as if they were discouraged, and had not shown their faces. They should come forward anywhere and everywhere that freemen come, and especially on such occasions as that.

"If they would only continue faithful, they would redeem Massachusetts, and Massachusetts would magnetize her neighbours, and all New England and all the North would become free.

"He was glad to hear Mr. Higginson's remarks in reference to his change of feeling in regard to the efficiency of any political organization in the anti-slavery movement. It was of no use to mince matters. He had stood by the Free Soil party when he thought the party needed a friend to stand by it; but the only organization which could do anything effectually for the slave was that organization which knew no sect, no colour and no clime—and on the platform of such an organization he then stood. He would tell his white friends that when they, like WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, should come to be considered in England, Ireland and Scotland as black men and women, because of their zeal for the slave, the question would be settled."

THE FIRST OF AUGUST AT HOPEDALE.

To the Editors of the Standard:

THE Twentieth Anniversary of West India Emancipation was celebrated at Hopedale, Milford, Massachusetts, and much to the satisfaction of all the friends of Freedom there assembled. It was held in a pleasant grove on the domain of the Community, and some seven or eight hundred persons were present to participate in the exercises. The meeting was organized by the choice of the following officers:

President—Ebenezer D. Draper, of Hopedale.
Vice-Presidents—Rev. John Boyden, of Woonsocket Falls; Rev. Mr. Hassal, of Mendon; Daniel S. Whitney, of Southboro'; Anna T. Draper, of Hopedale.
Secretaries—Wm. H. Fish and Abbie S. Haywood, of Hopedale.
Committee on Finance—Mrs. Almira Humphrey, Miss E. Alice Read and Joseph B. Bancroft, of Hopedale.
Business Committee—Wm. S. Hayward, George Draper and Adin Ballou, of Hopedale; Henry C. Wright, *cosmopolitan*, and Charles C. Burleigh, of Plainfield, Connecticut.

ADIN BALLOU made the opening speech, which was an able and interesting one, in review of West India Emancipation, and on the present condition and prospects of our own country in respect to its slavery. He was followed, in the morning session, by Rev. James T. Woodbury, of Milford, and Henry C. Wright, both of whom spoke strongly against the spreading despotism of America, and much to the gratification of the audience. In the afternoon, speeches were made by Daniel S. Whitney, Ansel Harlow, of Hopedale; Charles C. Burleigh, Sojourner Truth, and Mr. Jones, once a slave, now of Northampton, Rev. Mr. Boyden, Rev. Mr. Hassal, Wm. S. Haywood, Rev. Mr. Ball, of Upton, and Henry C. Wright. So, you see, we had a "right smart" sprinkling of *Rev's* as well as *ex*-Rev's, and they all spoke *well* and *strongly*, some of them quite as uncompromisingly as any of our old pioneer speakers. If they often use the same language in their pulpits—and I doubt not they will—they will, unquestionably, make a great stir in their societies and in their several towns. But the speaking, generally, was of a high order—able, interesting, radical, and very decidedly of the "No Union with Slaveholders" stamp. Better speaking, or more efficient, I have seldom heard at our Anti-Slavery gatherings; nor have I ever seen a more uniformly attentive and interested audience. The great mass seemed to respond most heartily to the strongest things uttered against the despotism and despots of America, and to be ready to consecrate themselves uncompromisingly to the cause of Freedom. It was an audience, as was the general speaking, to be proud of, with a true pride. The occasion was one of such deep and thrilling interest, that it will long be remembered by the hundreds present, with a strong desire for another of the same character next year.

I send you this very hasty and imperfect notice of a meeting deserving a full report, thinking that, possibly, if I send it instanter, it may reach you in season for your issue of the present week; though if it should not, I may have time, in a few days, to prepare you a better one. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

W. H. F.

WORDS THAT BURN.

AMONG the speakers at Framingham, Mass., on the recent Fourth of July, was Mr. HENRY D. THOREAU, a sort of literary recluse, who is understood to inhabit a small hut, in an out-of-the-way place, in Concord, Mass., and to be in close affinity with Emerson. We have heard him spoken of, rather contemptuously, as a mere satellite and imitator of that erudite and transcendental philosopher; but we shall hereafter count such imputations as little better than profanity, and resent them with our whole stock of virtuous indignation. Mr. Thoreau has no need to perch himself on another's shoulders, or to fill his lamp with another's oil. We own that we had quite overlooked his Framingham speech until a friend, who knew what was in the man, assured us that it was eminently worthy of our attention. We are sure the readers of the STANDARD will share our gratitude to that friend, and we hope they will also pardon the dullness that needed such a reminder, when they have perused the extracts which follow.

Again it happens that the Boston Court House is full of armed men, holding prisoner and trying a MAN, to find out if he is not really a SLAVE. Does any one think that Justice or God awaits Mr. Loring's decision? For him to sit there deciding still, when this question is already decided from eternity to eternity, and the unlettered slave himself, and the multitude around, have long since heard and assented to the decision, is simply to make himself ridiculous. We may be tempted to ask from whom he received his commission, and who he is that received it; what novel statutes he obeys, and what precedents are to him of authority. Such an arbiter's very existence is an impertinence. We do not ask him to make up his mind, but to make up his pack.

I listen to hear the voice of a Governor, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Massachusetts. I hear only the creaking of crickets and the hum of insects which now fill the summer air. The Governor's exploit is to review the troops on muster days. I have seen him on horseback, with his hat off, listening to a chaplain's prayer. It chances that is all I have ever seen of a Governor. I think that I could manage to get along without one. If he is not of the least use to prevent my being kidnapped, pray of what important use is he likely to be to me? When freedom is most endangered, he dwells in the deepest obscurity. A distinguished clergyman told me that he chose the profession of a clergyman, because it afforded the most leisure for literary pursuits. I would recommend to him the profession of a Governor.

Three years ago, also, when the Simms tragedy was acted, I said to myself, there is such an officer, if not such a man, as the Governor of Massachusetts—what has he been about the last fortnight? Has he had as much as he could do to keep on the fence during this moral earthquake? It seemed to me that no keener satire could have been aimed at, no more cutting insult have been offered to that man than just what happened—the absence of all inquiry after him in that crisis. The worst and the most I chance to know of him is, that he did not improve that opportunity to make himself known, and worthily known. He could at least have *resigned* himself into fame. It appeared to be forgotten that there was such a man, or such an office. Yet no doubt he was endeavouring to fill the gubernatorial chair all the while. He was no Governor of mine. He did not govern me.

But at last, in the present case, the Governor was heard from. After he and the United States Government had perfectly succeeded in robbing a poor innocent black man of his liberty for life, and, as far as they could, of his Creator's likeness in his breast, he made a speech to his accomplices, at a congratulatory supper!

I have read a recent law of this State, making it penal for "any officer of the Commonwealth" to "detain, or aid in the . . . detention," anywhere within its limits, "of any person, for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave." Also, it was a matter of notoriety that a writ of replevin to take the fugitive out of the custody of the United States Marshal could not be served, for want of sufficient force to aid the officer.

I had thought that the Governor was in some sense the executive officer of the State; that it was his business, as a Governor, to see that the laws of the State were executed; while, as a man, he took care that he did not, by so doing, break the laws of humanity; but when there is any special important use for him, he is useless, or worse than useless, and permits the laws of the State to go unexecuted. Perhaps I do not know what are the duties of a Governor; but if to be a Governor requires to subject one's self to so much ignominy without remedy, if it is to put a restraint upon my manhood, I shall take care never to be Governor of Massachusetts. I have not read far in the statutes of this Commonwealth. It is not profitable reading. They do not always say what is true; and they do not always mean what they say. What I am concerned to know is, that that man's influence and authority were on the side of the slaveholder, and not of the slave—of the guilty, and not of the innocent—of injustice, and not of justice. I never saw him of whom I speak; indeed, I did not know that he was Governor until this event occurred. I heard of him and Anthony Burns at the same time, and thus, undoubtedly, most will hear of him. So far am I from being governed by him. I do not mean that it was anything to his discredit that I had not heard of him, only that I heard what I did. The worst I shall say of him is, that he proved no better than the majority of his constituents would be likely to prove. In my opinion, he was not equal to the occasion.

The whole military force of the State is at the service of a Mr. Suttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped! Is this what all these soldiers, all this *training* has been for these seventy-nine years past? Have they been trained merely to rob Mexico, and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters?

Massachusetts sat waiting Mr. Loring's decision, as if it could in any way affect her own criminality. Her crime, the most conspicuous and fatal crime of all, was permitting him to be the umpire in such a case. It was really the trial of Massachusetts. Every moment that she hesitated to set this man free—every moment that she now hesitates to atone for her crime, she is convicted. The Commissioner on her case is God; not Edward G. God, but simple God.

I wish my countrymen to consider that, whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever commit the least act of injustice against the obscurest individual without having to pay the penalty for it. A government which deliberately enacts injustice, and persists in it, will at length ever become the laughing-stock of the world.

Much has been said about American slavery, but I think that we do not even yet realize what slavery is. If I were seriously to propose to Congress to make mankind into sausages, I have no doubt that most of the members would smile at my proposition; and if any believed me to be in earnest, they would think that I proposed something much worse than Congress had ever done. But if any of them will tell me that to make a man into a sausage would be much worse—would be any worse—than to make him into a slave—than it was to enact the Fugitive Slave Law—I will accuse him of foolishness, of intellectual incapacity, of making a distinction without a difference. The one is just as reasonable a proposition as the other.

I hear a good deal said about trampling this law under foot. Why, one need not go out of his way to do that. This law rises not to the level of the head or the reason; its natural habitat is in the dirt. It was born and bred, and has its life, only in the dust and mire, on a level with the feet, and he who walks with freedom, and does not with Hindoo mercy avoid treading on every venomous reptile, will inevitably tread on it, and so trample it under foot, and Webster, its maker, with it, like the dirt-bug and its ball.

Recent events will be valuable as a criticism on the administration of justice in our midst, or, rather, as showing what are the true resources of justice in any community. It has come to this, that the friends of liberty, the friends of the slave, have shuddered when they have understood that his fate was left to the legal tribunals of the country to be decided. Free men have no faith that justice will be awarded in such a case; the judge may decide this way or that; it is a kind of accident, at best. It is evident that he is not a competent authority in so important a case. It is no time, then, to be judging according to his precedents, but to establish a precedent for the future. I would much rather trust to the sentiment of the people. In their vote, you would get something of some value, at least, however small; but, in the other case, only the trammelled judgment of an individual, of no significance, be it which way it might.

It is to some extent fatal to the courts, when the people are compelled to go behind them. I do not wish to believe that the courts were made for fair weather, and for very civil cases merely—but think of leaving it to any court in the land to decide whether more than three millions of people, in this case a sixth part of a nation, have a right to be freemen or not! But it has been left to the courts of *justice*, so called—to the Supreme Court of the land—and, as you all know, recognising no authority but the Constitution, it has decided that the three millions are, and shall continue to be, slaves. Such judges as these are merely the inspectors of a pick-lock and murderer's tools, to tell him whether they are in working order or not, and there they think that their responsibility ends. There was a prior case on the docket, which they, as judges appointed by God, had no right to skip; which having been justly settled, they would have been saved from this humiliation. It was the case of the murderer himself.

The law will never make men free; it is men who have got to make the law free. They are the lovers of law and order, who observe the law when the government breaks it.

Among human beings, the judge whose words seal the fate of a man furthest into eternity, is not he who merely pronounces the verdict of the law, but he, whoever he may be, who, from a love of truth, and unprejudiced by any custom or enactment of men, utters a true opinion or *sentence* concerning him. He it is that *sentences* him. Whoever has discerned the truth, has received his commission from a higher source than the chiefest justice in the world, who can discern only law. He finds himself constituted judge of the judge. Strange that it should be necessary to state such simple truths.

I am more and more convinced that, with reference to any public question, it is more important to know what the country thinks of it, than what the city thinks. The city does not *think* much. On any moral question, I would rather have the opinion of Boxboro' than of Boston and New York put together. When the former speaks, I feel as if somebody *had* spoken, as if *humanity* was yet, and a reasonable being had asserted its rights—as if some unprejudiced men among the country hills had at length turned their attention to the subject, and by a few sensible words redeemed the reputation of the race. When, in some obscure country town, the farmers come together to a special town-meeting, to express their opinion on some subject which is vexing the land, that, I think, is the true Congress, and the most respectable one that is ever assembled in the United States.

It is evident that there are, in this Commonwealth, at least, two parties, becoming more and more distinct—the party of the city, and the party of the country. I know that the country is mean enough, but I am glad to believe that there is a slight difference in her favour. But as yet, she has few, if any organs, through which to express herself. The editorials which she reads, like the news, come from the sea-board. Let us, the inhabitants of the country, cultivate self-respect. Let us not send to the city for aught more essential than our broadcloths and groceries, or, if we read the opinions of the city, let us entertain opinions of our own.

Among measures to be adopted, I would suggest to make as earnest and vigorous an assault on the Press as has already been made, and with effect, on the Church. The Church has much improved within a few years; but the Press is almost, without exception, corrupt. I believe that, in this country, the press exerts a greater and a more pernicious influence than the Church did in its worst period. We are not a religious people, but we are a nation of politicians. We do not care for the Bible, but we do care for the newspaper. At any meeting of politicians—like that at Concord the other evening, for instance—how impertinent it would be to quote from the Bible! how pertinent to quote from a newspaper or from the Constitution! The newspaper is a Bible which we read every morning and every afternoon, standing and sitting, riding and walking. It is a Bible which every man carries in his pocket, which lies on every table and counter, and which the mail, and thousands of misssionaries, are continually dispensing. It is, in short, the only book which America has printed, and which America reads. So wide is its influence. The editor is a preacher whom you voluntarily support. Your tax is commonly one cent daily, and it costs nothing for pew hire. But how many of these preachers preach the truth? I repeat the testimony of many an intelligent foreigner, as well as my own convictions, when I say, that probably no country was ever ruled by so mean a class of tyrants as, with a few noble exceptions, are the editors of the periodical press in *this* country. And as they live and rule only by their servility, and appealing to the worst, and not the better nature of man, the people who read them are in the condition of the dog that returns to his vomit.

But, thank fortune, this preacher can be even more easily reached by the weapons of the reformer than could the recreant priest. The free men of New England have only to refrain from purchasing and reading these sheets, have only to withhold their cents, to kill a score of them at once. One whom I respect told me that he purchased Mitchell's *Citizen* in the cars, and then threw it out the window. But would not his contempt have been more fatally expressed, if he had not bought it?

I would remind my countrymen, that they are to be men first, and Americans only at a late and convenient hour. No matter how valuable law may be to protect your property, even to keep soul and body together, if it do not keep you and humanity together.

I am sorry to say, that I doubt if there is a judge in Massachusetts who is prepared to resign his office, and get his living innocently, whenever it is required of him to pass sentence under a law which is merely contrary to the law of God. I am compelled to see that they put themselves, or rather, are by character, in this respect, exactly on a level with the marine who discharges his musket in any direction he is ordered to. They are just as much tools and as little men. Certainly, they are not the more to be respected, because their master enslaves their understandings and consciences, instead of their bodies.

The judges and lawyers—simply as such, I mean—and all men of expediency, try this case by a very low and incompetent standard. They consider, not whether the Fugitive Slave Law is right, but whether it is what they call *constitutional*. Is virtue constitutional, or iniquity? In important moral and vital questions like this, it is just as impertinent to ask whether a law is constitutional or not, as to ask whether it is profitable or not. They persist in being the servants of humanity. The question is not whether you or your grandfather, seventy years ago, did not enter into an agreement to serve the devil, and that service is not accordingly now due; but whether you will not now, for once and at last, serve God in spite of your own past recreancy, or that of your ancestor—by obeying that eternal and only just CONSTITUTION, which He, and not any Jefferson or Adams, has written in your being.

The amount of it is, if the majority vote the devil to be God, the minority will live and behave accordingly, trusting that some time or other, by some Speaker's casting vote, perhaps, they may reinstate God. This is the highest principle I can get out of or invent for my neighbours. These men act as if they believed that they could safely slide down hill a little way—or a good way—and would surely come to a place, by and by, where they could begin to slide up again. This is expediency, or choosing that course which offers the slightest obstacles to the feet, that is, a down-hill one. But there is no such thing as accomplishing a righteous reform by the use of 'expediency.' There is no such thing as sliding up hill. In morals, the only sliders are backsliders.

Thus we steadily worship Mammon, both School and State, and Church, and on the Seventh Day curse God with a tintamar from one end of the Union to the other.

Will mankind never learn that policy is not morality—that it never secures any moral right, but considers merely what is expedient? chooses the available candidate, who is invariably the devil—and what right have his constituents to be surprised, because the devil does not behave like an angel of light? What is wanted is men, not of policy, but of probity—who recognise a higher law than the Constitution, or the decision of the majority. The fate of the country does not depend on how you vote at the polls—the worst man is as strong as the best at that game; it does not depend on what kind of paper you drop into the ballot-box once a year, but on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning.

What should concern Massachusetts is not the Nebraska Bill, nor the Fugitive Slave Bill, but her own slaveholding and servility. Let the State dissolve her union with the slaveholder. She may wriggle and hesitate, and ask leave to read the Constitution once more; but she can find no respectable law or precedent which sanctions the continuance of such a Union for an instant.

Let each inhabitant of the State dissolve his union with her, as long as she delays to do her duty.

The events of the past month teach me to distrust Fame. I see that she does not finely discriminate, but coarsely hurrahs. She considers not the simple heroism of an action, but only as it is connected with its apparent consequences. She praises till she is hoarse the easy exploit of the Boston tea party, but will be comparatively silent about the braver and more disinterestedly heroic attack on the Boston Court House, simply because it was unsuccessful!

Covered with disgrace, the State has sat down coolly to try for their lives and liberties the men who attempted to do its duty for it. And this is called *justice!* They who have shown that they can behave particularly well may perchance be put under bonds for *their good behaviour*. They whom truth requires at present to plead guilty, are of all the inhabitants of the State, preëminently innocent. While the Governor, and the Mayor, and countless officers of the Commonwealth, are at large, the champions of liberty are imprisoned.

Only they are guiltless, who commit the crime of contempt of such a Court. It behooves every man to see that his influence is on the side of justice, and let the courts make their own characters. My sympathies in this case are wholly with the accused, and wholly against the accusers and their judges. Justice is sweet and musical; but injustice is hard and discordant. The judge still sits grinding at his organ, but it yields no music, and we hear only the sound of the handle. He believes that all the music resides in the handle, and the crowd toss him their coppers the same as before.

Do you suppose that that Massachusetts which is now doing these things—which hesitates to crown these men, some of whose lawyers, and even judges, perchance, may be driven to take refuge in some poor quibble, that they may not wholly outrage their instinctive sense of justice—do you suppose that she is anything but base and servile? that she is the champion of liberty?

Show me a free State, and a court truly of justice, and I will fight for them, if need be; but show me Massachusetts, and I refuse her my allegiance, and express contempt for her courts.

The effect of a good government is to make life more valuable—of a bad one, to make it less valuable. We can afford that railroad, and all other merely material stock, should lose some of its value, for that only compels us to live more simply and [illegible]; but suppose that the value of life itself should be diminished! How can we make a less demand on man and nature, how live more economically in respect to virtue and all noble qualities, than we do? I have lived for the last month—and I think that every man in Massachusetts capable of the sentiment of patriotism must have had a similar experience—with the sense of having suffered a vast and indefinite loss. I did not know at first what ailed me. At last it occurred to me that what I had lost was a country. I had never respected the Government near to which I had lived, but I had foolishly thought that I might manage to live here, minding my private affairs, and forget it. For my part, my old and worthiest pursuits have lost I cannot say how much of their attraction, and I feel that my investment in life here is worth many per cent. less since Massachusetts last deliberately sent back an innocent man, Anthony Burns, to slavery. I dwelt before, perhaps, in the illusion that my life passed somewhere only *between* heaven and hell, but now I cannot persuade myself that I do not dwell *wholly within* hell. The site of that political organization called Massachusetts is to me morally covered with volcanic scoriæ and cinders, such as Milton describes in the infernal regions. If there is any hell more unprincipled than our rulers, and we, the ruled, I feel curious to see it. Life itself being worth less, all things with it, which minister to it, are worth less. Suppose you have a small library, with pictures to adorn the walls—a garden laid out around—and contemplate scientific and literary pursuits, &c., and discover all at once that your villa, with all its contents, is located in hell, and that the justice of the peace has a cloven foot and a forked tail—do not these things suddenly lose their value in your eyes?

I feel that, to some extent, the State has fatally interfered in my lawful business. It has not only interrupted me in my passage through Court street on errands of trade, but it has interrupted me and every man on his onward and upward path, on which he had trusted soon to leave Court street far behind. What right had it to remind me of Court street? I have found that hollow which even I had relied on for solid.

I am surprised to see men going about their business as if nothing had happened. I say to myself—Unfortunates! they have not heard the news. I am surprised that the man whom I just met on horseback should be so earnest to overtake his newly-bought cows running away—since all property is insecure—and if they do not run away again, they may be taken away from him when he gets them. Fool! does he not know that his seed-corn is worth less this year—that all beneficent harvests fail as you approach the empire of hell? No prudent man will build a store-house under these circumstances, or engage in any peaceful enterprise which requires a long time to accomplish. Art is as long as ever, but life is more interrupted and less available for a man's proper pursuits. It is not an era of repose. We have used up all our inherited freedom. If we would save our lives, we must fight for them.

I walk toward one of our ponds, but what signifies the beauty of nature when men are base? We walk to lakes to see our serenity reflected in them; when we are not serene, we go not to them. Who can be serene in a country where both the rulers and the ruled are without principle? The remembrance of my country spoils my walk. My thoughts are murder to the State, and I involuntarily go plotting against her.

But it chanced the other day that I secured a white water-lily, and a season I had waited for had arrived. It is the emblem of purity. It bursts up so pure and fair to the eye, and so sweet to the scent, as if to show us what purity and sweetness reside in, and can be extracted from, the slime and muck of earth. I think I have plucked the first one that has opened for a mile. What confirmation of our hopes is in the fragrance of this flower! I shall not so soon despair of the world for it, notwithstanding slavery, and the cowardice and want of principle of Northern men. It suggests what kind of laws have prevailed longest and widest, and still prevail, and that the time may come when man's deeds may smell as sweet. Such is the odour which the plant emits. If Nature can compound this fragrance still annually, I shall believe her still young and full of vigour, her integrity and genius unimpaired, and that there is virtue even in man, too, who is fitted to perceive and love it. It reminds me that Nature has been partner to no Missouri Compromise. I scent no compromise in the fragrance of the water-lily. It is not a *Nymphœa Douglassii*. In it, the sweet, and pure, and innocent, are wholly sundered from the obscene and baleful. I do not scent in this the time-serving irresolution of a Massachusetts Governor, nor of a Boston Mayor. So behave that the odour of your actions may enhance the general sweetness of the atmosphere, that when we behold or scent a flower, we may not be reminded how inconsistent your deeds are with it; for all odour is but one form of advertisement of a moral quality, and if fair actions had not been performed, the lily would not smell sweet. The foul slime stands for the sloth and vice of man, the decay of humanity; the fragrant flower that springs from it, for the purity and courage which are immortal.

Slavery and servility have produced no sweet-scented flower annually, to charm the senses of men, for they have no real life: they are merely a decaying and a death, offensive to all healthy nostrils. We do not complain that they *live*, but that they do not *get buried*. Let the living bury them; even they are good for manure.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

AGENTS.

MRS. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER has been appointed *General Financial Agent* of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and has, we understand, already entered upon the duties of the office. Her devotion to the cause, her appreciation of the great principles on which it rests, her knowledge of its wants, and her power to inspire in others the sentiments and feelings which lead to acts of charity and self-devotion, are so many qualifications for the place she has been called to fill.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND designs to attend the Anniversary of the *Western Anti-Slavery Society*, at Salem, Ohio, August 26th, 27th and 28th, and to spend some weeks after that in lecturing in Ohio and other Western States, where, we doubt not, he will receive a most hearty welcome from the friends of the cause. We congratulate our Western friends upon their good fortune in securing the services of so efficient an agent.

We are also permitted to announce that CHARLES C. BURLEIGH will attend the Anniversary of the Western Society. Of his plans beyond that we are not informed.

THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA.

NOTHING better illustrates the progress and usefulness of the Anti-Slavery Cause in this country than the improved condition of the Free People of Colour. Intellectually, morally and physically, the Coloured People in the Free States have been making steady and rapid advances.

We have before us a printed report of "Coloured School Statistics," made—by Benjamin C. Bacon, who had been appointed for that purpose—to the "Board of Education of the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery,." &c This report shows a remarkable contrast in the present educational condition of the Coloured People of Philadelphia and that which prevailed some 21 years ago, when the Convention that formed the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in that city. At that time there were but few Schools for coloured pupils in Philadelphia, and they of the most indifferent sort. Up to that time the Coloured People had been left to contend alone and almost unaided against the weight of prejudice which, for generations, had been accumulating against them. As a consequence, their children, with few exceptions, were allowed to grow up in ignorance, and the great body of the people were quite illiterate. But the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society introduced a new era into their history. This Society, as did and do still all its auxiliaries, contemplated not only the "Immediate Emancipation of the Slave," but the "Elevation of the Free People of Colour." This latter object at first engrossed a larger share of attention, on the part of Abolitionists, than it does at present; the necessity being more pressing, and there being fewer to help in the work. New Schools were established where none before existed, and old ones that were already in operation were improved and enlarged. Committees were appointed to promote this work, and volunteers offered their services to aid them. Suitable teachers were sought out and put in requisition; Night Schools were established for adults, and Primary Schools, in which were taught the elementary branches of a common [illegible] Report of Mr. Bacon, above referred to, gives us some idea of the progress that has been made since that time.

It appears that there are now in Philadelphia as many as 34 Coloured Schools. Of these, 5 are "Public Schools," 10 are "Charity Schools," 2 are "Schools connected with Benevolent Institutions," and 17 are "Private Schools." The Report speaks of these Schools in their order, and gives a particular account of each. An extract or two will give some idea of their character and condition. Take, for instance, the opening paragraph under the first head, that of Public Schools:

"*Grammar Schools*, Sixth Street, near Lombard.

"Boys' School, James M. Bird, Principal, and three female assistants.

Number of scholars, Jan. and Feb.,	1852, 235;	average, 197
do do	1853, 283;	do 206

"Girls' School, Maria C. Hutton, Principal, and three assistants.

Number of scholars, Jan. and Feb',	1852, 248;	average, 186
do do	1853, 252;	do 201

"Both schools are in a prosperous state. The recitations are satisfactory; the copy books are worthy of notice for their neatness and improvement; the ornamental needle work and lace knitting of the girls cannot be surpassed by any school of similar grade. Master Bird, being also a teacher of music, instructs his school in that art one hour at the close of every week. Those who know his qualifications as a teacher, and the aptitude of that class of pupils for music, need not be told that the time allotted is improved to good purpose."

Of the Schools endowed by charity, the first mentioned is the Institute for Coloured Youth. It was established in 1852. CHARLES L. REASON is its Principal, and GRACE MAPES is Assistant Teacher in the Female department. Of this institution the Report thus speaks:

"The school is ably conducted, and the pupils are improving rapidly. Candidates for admission are examined in reading, writing and arithmetic, through compound numbers and questions on the Map of the United States. The branches now taught are Reading, Writing, Etymology, Arithmetic, History United States, Geography, English Grammar, Anatomy and Physiology, Algebra, Linear Drawing, Bookkeeping, and the Latin language. Other branches will be taught as occasion requires. Philosophical Apparatus, &c., will be furnished in due time. A fine library and reading room, free to adults of both sexes, and apprentices, as well as to the pupils of both schools in the building, was opened under the auspices of the Managers of the Institute on the 7th instant, with fair prospects of great usefulness."

Of the "Schools connected with Benevolent Institutions," one is that belonging to the House of Refuge, and the other the Orphan's Shelter School. The former embraces two Departments, one for Boys and the other for Girls, and, the Report says, "being schools of discipline as well as of instruction, the order is excellent, and the scholars make fair progress in their studies. Their last session in the week is principally devoted to reading the Bible, or Sacred History. At the close, the scholars receive books from their respective libraries, which are read and returned the following week." Of the Private Schools, there is one in which instruction is given in the higher branches of an English Education, and which enjoys the advantages of a Mineral Cabinet and a Philosophical Apparatus. This is taught by Miss SARAH M. DOUGLASS. There are three in which are taught the usual branches of our ordinary Grammar Schools. The teacher of these is Miss MARGARETTA FORTEN, daughter of the late James Forten. Miss Forten is the only one of all the three teachers that receives boarding scholars.

The total number of scholars that were in attendance at the 34 Schools at the time the Report was made out was 2,239.

We have no reliable statistics of the Schools in existence in Philadelphia at the time the Anti-Slavery enterprise was launched, and their number, the number of scholars in attendance, their character and attainments, &c. We cannot, therefore, tell precisely and statistically what advances have been made, but we can say, from our own personal knowledge and observation, and we shall be borne out by the testimony of all who know anything on the subject, that the progress made by the Free Coloured People of Philadelphia, in the matter of education, has been most striking, and furnishes in itself strong proof of the value of the Anti-Slavery enterprise.

The improvement of the Coloured People of Philadelphia in other respects has kept pace with their progress in education. Of this we have ample testimony, some of which we may submit at another time. In the mean time we commend the facts we have here stated to the consideration of those who affect to appeal to the condition of the Free People of Colour, as an argument against Abolition. If they are not impervious to reason, they will find that the tendency of the argument is quite the other way.

MURDER BY A CLERGYMAN.—In Brooklyn, on the 2d inst., a Baptist clergyman, named J. N. T. Tucker, murdered his son, 4 years of age, and attempted to take the life of his wife, and that also of his daughter, 6 years old. The wretched man was under the influence of alcohol. He had an altercation with his wife at the tea-table, a short time before the deed was committed, in which he accused his wife of setting her relations against him. After tea, he prevailed upon her to take a walk with him, and, while they were in the street together, he drew a revolver and threatened to blow out her brains. She left him and ran home, but he arrived there before her. The quarrelling again commenced, and Tucker upbraided his wife for leaving him in the street. High words ensued, and both parties retired up stairs, Tucker swearing he would be revenged. Upon reaching the bed-room, where the unfortunate child was asleep on a trundle-bed, he rushed to a drawer and got out a small bottle of brandy, then went to the window and threw it out, and appeared desirous to jump out of the window; but, after some further words with his wife, he went to a trunk and took out a razor. He opened the blade, and, rushing to the bed, seized the helpless child, and cut his throat from ear to ear, nearly severing the head from the body. Upon seeing this, the frantic mother rushed to the window and halloed "Murder," but had scarcely done so when the villain made for her, and, seizing her by the throat, inflicted a horrible gash on her neck. The brute then struck her with the butt-end of his revolver, three times in the face. At this critical moment, the other child, an interesting little girl of six years, came into the room to see what was the matter. The infuriated murderer rushed towards her, seized and cut her about the face and hands with the razor, and attempted to kill her. The poor mother fought desperately, and in this case successfully.

Three gentlemen in the lower part of the house, hearing the cry of "murder," broke open the door, which was locked, and rescued the mother and daughter from the hands of the infuriated husband and father, who was soon taken into custody by the police.

In 1840, and perhaps a little before that time, Mr. Tucker figured quite conspicuously, in the interior of this State, as an anti-slavery lecturer and writer. In the winter of 1842 we met him at a Liberty party Convention in Peterborough, where he was the guest of Gerrit Smith. His manners were rather gentle than otherwise; he seemed to us to lack mental force and to be singularly deficient in stability of character. It was previous to this, we think, that he made a journey to Massachusetts, and, professing to have been converted to the views of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society on the subject of political action, sought an appointment as agent of that Society. Failing in that, he soon returned to his previous associations. From 1842 to 1852 we heard of him occasionally as editor, preacher, or clerk of the State Senate. In 1851-52, he was settled somewhere in Chester Co., Pa., as a Baptist preacher, and in the summer of the year last named we heard him preach two very poor sermons in the Baptist pulpit at Norristown. A few weeks since, he preached in a Baptist pulpit in this city, and we understand that, at the time of the murder, he was under an engagement to supply, for a considerable period, a pulpit somewhere on Long Island. He was, at the time of the murder, and had been for some weeks, editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Freeman*.

It appears that, for several years past, he has been addicted to intemperance, and that he has often threatened to kill his wife.

MRS. FOLLEN RETURNED.—Our American readers will hear with heartfelt pleasure of the return to her home in Boston, after an absence of several years, of MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. She has been long identified with the anti-slavery cause, and has done it valuable service both at home and abroad. The Abolitionists of America, while they appreciate her labours in Europe, will rejoice at finding once more in their midst a co-worker so self-sacrificing and devoted.

OUR FRIENDS OVER THE WATER.

WE are permitted to publish the following extract of a letter from an English Abolitionist to a friend in Massachusetts:

"We are brought near you and made acquainted with your proceedings by your weekly papers. What should we do without them! I trust the junction of the *Freeman* and the *Standard* will be productive of good. The arguments in favour of the step seem very sufficient, though the first feeling is of regret that Pennsylvania Abolitionists have to give up their own organ. They will be more united to you and to us, however, by having the *Standard* for their mouth-piece, and by a Philadelphia correspondent writing regularly in its columns. Hitherto they have seemed, to us, too far separated by distance and distinctive organization to be as much identified as they really are with their Massachusetts fellow-labourers. In England, I think, the *Standard* will be more valuable and acceptable, from its giving weekly tidings from Philadelphia, which has a strong hold on the sympathies of all who made acquaintance with Mr. McKim and with Miss Pugh. The seed they sowed has sprung up, and the plants are vigorous. For our sakes we wish them here still, but we know they could not be spared from their more important field of service." * *

Speaking of Parker Pillsbury—"His manner and spirit qualify him peculiarly for *commending* the American Anti-Slavery Society in his own person, and for disarming prejudice and removing misapprehensions; and we therefore all the more regret that his health is not yet sufficiently re-established to admit of his being urged to efforts for which he feels himself unequal. I trust he will be strengthened by his Irish tour, and that he will be able to attend the approaching conference in Manchester [on the first of August], where we are confident he will find a general and hearty anti-slavery sympathy. Miss ———, of Manchester, writes to me with much satisfaction at Mr. Pillsbury's visit there, and at the good effects resulting from it to the cause."

The following extract of a letter from one English lady to another, written about a year since, and without the least view to publication, shows how an educated, earnest and religious woman looks upon the system of American Slavery, and upon those in high places who are giving it their support.

"DEAR MRS. ———: You think just as I do of Americans. In an old journal of mine, I find this remark, 'I have met with but *two gentlemen* among all the Americans I have seen, Longfellow and Dr. Palfrey, of Boston. The latter, though not a wealthy man, has with some difficulty and expense emancipated the slaves which were his only patrimony. The former confessed that America sinned in the matter of slavery, and he attempted no palliation.' * * I scarcely think any American has the true martyr spirit; I know the *men* have not, especially the Professors, the D.D's. and L.L.D's. Add a title to a man's name, and directly he is a slave to public opinion—to a party, to the men in power. [How true is this remark, and how very few exceptions do we find to it! Indeed, is it not, generally, the case that it is the compliant and subservient who are selected to these titles?] * * No American that I have ever seen will acknowledge fully the guilt of his nation, or of his own relations, in the matter of slavery. He will always have some poor paltry excuse. * * Let ministers and members of churches band together against slavery, and the great Dagon must fall. * * I am ashamed to see, in some of the English papers, so much trash on this subject, as though there could be any parallel drawn between negro slavery in the United States and the condition of any class in England, however poor and degraded. Besides, *we* acknowledge that we are guilty concerning our brother, that we have much to mend, and we are trying to set it all right, and not blaspheming by bring forth the word of God, and saying that IN IT we find sanctions and commands for these evils! Oh, their 'offence is rank, it smells to Heaven!'"

MEETINGS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THERE will be a TEMPERANCE MEETING in the woods near Marlboro' Meeting-House, in Chester County, on Saturday, the 19th inst. B. Rush Plumly and others will address the meeting.

There will be an ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING the next day in the same place, at which James and Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis and J. M. McKim, of Philadelphia, have engaged to be present.

A TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING will be held on Saturday, August 19th, in a wood one mile east of Kimberton, near Hartman's School-House, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M. Dr. William Elder, C. C. Burleigh, W. T. Van Wagner and others are expected to be present. The interest of the occasion, with its promise of eloquence and talent, offers a rich gratification to those persons who shall be present.

On the day following, an ANTI-NEBRASKA MEETING will be held at the same place, at which C. C. Burleigh will be present. Meeting to commence at two o'clock, P. M. It is hoped these meetings will be largely attended.

There will also be an ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING in James Jackson's woods in Bart township, Lancaster County, on Sunday, the 27th inst., to commence at one o'clock. James and Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis and J. M. McKim have all agreed to be in attendance, and other speakers are expected.

THE KENNETT QUARTERLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will be held at Kennett Square, on Seventh day, the 2d of Ninth month, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

It is expected the day following to hold an ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING in Curtis James's woods, three-fourths of a mile north of the new Red Lion, in East Marlboro' Township.

HOMICIDE AT THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.—On the morning of the 2d inst., a dreadful tragedy occurred at the St. Nicholas Hotel in this city. The facts, in brief, are these: Dr. R. M. Graham, of New Orleans, was, together with his wife, a guest at the St. Nicholas; during the night previous to the tragedy, he was out on a "spree," and did not return till near morning, when he was almost in a state of frenzy from the effects of liquor. After reaching his room, he became very noisy, and finally went out into the hall and rang the servants' bell again and again with great violence, disturbing the occupants of the adjoining rooms. Col. Loring, a Southern gentleman, recently from California, a guest at the hotel, opened the door of his room and begged the drunken man to be quiet, saying, "You disturb my wife, so that she cannot sleep." Dr. Graham replied in an insolent and profane manner, and Col. Loring went to bed. In a short time, however, the noise was renewed, when Col. Loring went down stairs to find a servant. On his way back to his room, the drunken man met him, when they got into an altercation. Dr. Graham called Col. Loring a "liar," when the latter slapped him in the face; and then the Doctor drew a dirk and stabbed the Colonel, wounding him so that he fell down and died on the spot. It was about 6 o'clock in the morning when the [illegible] occurred. Dr. Graham was at once arrested. Col. Loring was no doubt [illegible] getting into a quarrel with a drunken man, but this affords no justification for the murderer, who is a hot-blooded Southerner, one of the sort that carry concealed weapons, that they may be ready to avenge any fancied insult. His behaviour, while under the influence of liquor, was such as to render his presence exceedingly disagreeable and sometimes dangerous. The Boston *Transcript* says he was in that city recently, and while there his conduct was most outrageous. He was one of the worst specimens of the "chivalry" which the citizens of that city had seen this long while. It was entirely owing to the forbearance of parties he grossly insulted there that he was not put in charge of the police. As the result has proved, it was mistaken kindness to a stranger, who took every occasion to damn the Yankees, and to exhibit the most odious features of overseerism to his superiors in every point of moral excellence.

THEODORE PARKER'S SERMONS.

THE LAWS OF GOD AND THE STATUTES OF MEN.—A Sermon, preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday, June 18, 1854. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.

A SERMON OF THE DANGERS WHICH THREATEN THE RIGHTS OF MAN IN AMERICA; preached at the Music Hall, on Sunday, July 2, 1854. By Theodore Parker, Minister, &c. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.

Theodore Parker is regarded and spoken of by the great mass of clergymen in the United States, and by religious periodicals generally, as an "infidel." And yet, judged by his life and example as a man and a preacher, he is pre-eminently worthy to be called a Christian Minister, and to be loved and venerated as an Abdiel of the pulpit. However great may be his errors in respect to theology—and upon that point we say nothing, one way or the other—he certainly preaches a Practical Christianity far more like that taught and exemplified by Jesus of Nazareth than are the dry dogmas and empty formalities which are generally baptized in that sacred name. Whether Mr. Parker would be better or worse if his theology were orthodox according to the popular standard, we know not; nor do we care to speculate upon any such problem. Enough for us that in every time of peril and danger to the country, we hear his voice of warning and rebuke. Enough for us that in the great battle between Right and Wrong, Light and Darkness, Righteousness and Sin, we find him not only on the right side, but at the very point where the blows of the enemy fall thickest and heaviest, and ready to do and dare as only a hero can. Enough for us that when the great mass of those who claim to be ministers of Christ had either enlisted in the service of the Slave Power, or been cowed into guilty silence by its menaces and threats, he dared to plead the cause of the oppressed, in the name of Christ and in the love of God, and to rebuke the blasphemy which sought to make those dear names a covert for the worst of crimes.

The object of each of the discourses now before us is sufficiently obvious from its title. They are emphatically "Sermons for the Times," and as we turn over their glowing pages and feel our pulse beating quicker under the inspiration which they impart, we long to scatter them broadcast in every neighbourhood and every family, North, South, East and West. We see much in both discourses which we would like to quote, but our limits will only allow us to reproduce this passage from the one entitled "*The Laws of God and the Statutes of Men.*"

"The tyrant makes a statute, and says, 'There is no Law above this.' The subject is not to ask, 'Is the statute right? does it conform to the Constitution of the Universe, to God's will reflected in my conscience?' He is only to inquire, 'Is it a statute law? what does the judge say? There is no Higher Law.'

"That is the doctrine which is taught to-day in almost every political newspaper in this country, Whig and Democratic; and in many of the theological newspapers. But the theological newspapers do not teach it as a Principle and all at once; they teach it in detail, as a Measure, telling us that this or that particular statute is to be observed, say conscience what it may. It is assumed that the legislator is not amenable to the rules of natural justice. He is only checked by the constitution of the land, not the Constitution of the Universe.

"See how the principle once worked. Pharaoh made a statute that all the new-born boys of Hebrew parentage should be killed as soon as they were born. That was the statute; and instructions were given to the nurses, 'If it be a son, then ye shall kill him.' Did it become the moral duty of Nurse Shiprah and Nurse Puah to drown every new-born Hebrew baby in the River Nile? Was it the moral duty of Amram and Jochebed to allow Moses to be killed? It is only a legitimate application of the principle laid down by 'the highest authorities' in America—what are called the highest, though I reckon them among the lowest.

"King Darius forbade prayer to any God or man except himself. Should the worshippers of Jehovah hold back their prayer to the Creator? Daniel was of rather a different opinion. A few years ago a minister of a 'prominent church' in this city told of another minister who had exhorted persons to disobey the Fugitive Slave Bill, because it was contrary to the Law of God and the principles of Right. 'What do you think of it?' said the questioner, who was a woman, to the Doctor of Divinity. 'Very bad!' replied he, 'this minister ought to keep the statute, and he should not advise men to disobey it.' 'But,' said the good woman, 'Daniel, we are told, when the law was otherwise, prayed to the Lord! prayed right out loud three times a day, with his window wide open! Did he do right or wrong? Would not you have done the same?' The minister said, 'If I had lived in those times—I think, I should—have shut my window.' There was no Higher Law!

"King Herod ordered all the young children in Bethlehem to be slain. Was it right for the magistrates to execute the order? for the Justices of the Peace to kill the babies? for the fathers and mothers to do nothing against the massacre of those innocents? The person who wrote the account of it seems to have been of rather a different opinion.

"King Henry the Eighth of England, ordered that no man should read the English Bible. Reading the Bible in the Kingdom was made a felony—punishable with death, without benefit of clergy. Was it the duty of Dr. Franklin's humble fathers to refuse to read their Bibles? They did read them, and your fathers and mine also, I trust.

"King Pharaoh, Darius, Herod, Henry the Eighth, could not make a wrong thing right. If a mechanic puts his wheel on the upper side of the dam, do you suppose the Merrimack is going to run up into New Hampshire to turn his mill? Just as soon as the great God will undo his own moral work to accommodate a foolish and wicked legislator.

"Suppose it was not the king, a one-headed legislator, but the majority of the nation, a legislator with many heads, who made the statute, would that alter the case? Once, when France was democratic, the democracy ordered the butchery of thousands of men and women. Was it a moral duty to massacre the people?

"I know very well it is commonly taught that it is the moral duty of the officers of government to execute every statute, and of the people to submit thereto, no matter how wicked the statute may be. This is the doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, of the Executive of the United States; I know very well it is the doctrine of the majority of the Legislature in both Houses of Congress; it is the doctrine of the churches of Commerce; God be praised, it is not the doctrine of the churches of Christianity, and there are such in every denomination; in many a town; even in the great centres of commerce there are ministers of many denominations, earnest, faithful men, who swear openly that they will keep God's Law, come what will of man's statute. This is practical piety; the opposite is practical atheism. I have known some speculative atheists. I abhor their doctrines; but the speculative atheists that I have known, all recognise a Law higher than men's passions and calculations; the Law of some Power which makes the Universe and sways it for noble purposes and to a blessed end.

"Then comes the doctrine: while the statute is on the books it must be enforced. It is not only the right of the legislator to make any constitutional statute he pleases, but it is the moral and religious duty of the magistrate to enforce the statute; it is the duty of the people to obey. So in Pharaoh's time it was a moral duty to drown the babies in the Nile; in Darius's time to pray to King Darius, and him only; in Herod's time to massacre the children of Bethlehem; in Henry the Eighth's time to cast your Bible to the flames. Iscariot only did a disagreeable duty.

"It is a most dreadful doctrine; utterly false! Has a legislator, Pharaoh, Darius, Herod, Henry the Eighth, a single tyrant, any moral right to repudiate God, and declare himself not amenable to the moral Law of the Universe? You all answer, No! Have ten millions of men out of nineteen millions in America a *right to do this?* Has [illegible] man a moral right to repudiate justice and declare himself not amenable to conscience and to God? Where did he get the right to invade the conscience of mankind? Is it because he is legislator, magistrate, governor, president, king?

"Suppose all the voluptuaries of America held a Congress of lewdness at New Orleans, and said, 'There is no Law higher than the brute instinctive passion of lust in men,' then would the pimps and bawds and lechers have the moral right to repudiate conscience and crush purity out of the nation?

"Imagine that all the misers and sharpers and cheats held a convention of avarice at New York or Boston, and made statutes accordingly, declaring 'There is no Law higher than covetousness,' would they have the moral right to lie and steal and cheat, and 'crush out' all the honest men?

"Fancy all the the ruffians and man-killers assembled in San Francisco—it would be a fit place, for there were twelve hundred murders committed there in less than four years—held a convention of violence, and sought to organize murder, and declared, 'There is no Law higher than the might of the lifted arm,' would they have the moral right to kill, stab, butcher whomsoever they pleased?

"But that is supposing all this wickedness done without the form of an elected legislature. Then suppose the actual legislatures of the nation should revise the Constitution and delegate the power to those persons to do that work and make statutes for the protection of lewdness, fraud and butchery, would it then be the moral duty of the rulers to enforce those statutes; and of the people to submit? Just as much as it is the moral duty of men to enforce any wicked statute made under the present Constitution of the United States and by the present legislators. The principle is false. It is only justified on the idea that there is no God, and this world is a chaos. But yet it is taught; and only last Sunday the minister of a 'prominent church' taught that every law must be executed, right or wrong, and thanked the soldiers who, with their bayonets, forced an innocent man to Slavery. No matter how unjust a statute is, it must be enforced and obeyed so long as it is on the Law Book!

"Human law in general is a useful and indispensable instrument; but because a special statute is made for injustice, is it to be used for injustice? Massachusetts has some thousands of muskets in the arsenal at Cambridge; but because they were made to shoot with, shall I take them to kill my neighbours; shall the governor order the soldiers to shoot down the citizens? It is no worse to do injustice with a gun than to do injustice with a statute. It is not merely the means by which the wicked end is reached that is wicked, it is the end itself; and if the means is a thing otherwise good, the wicked end makes its use atrocious. What is the statute in the one case but a tool, and the gun a tool in the other case? The instrument is not to be blamed, and the gun is no more to be used for a wicked purpose than the statute; a State statute is no more than a State gun. Medicine is a very useful thing. But will you, therefore, go into an apothecary's shop and take his drugs at random? If you are killed by a poison, it is no better because called 'medicine.'

"But the notion that every statute must be enforced is historically false. Who enforces the Sunday laws in Massachusetts? Every daily newspaper you will read to-morrow morning violates the statutes of Massachusetts to-day. It would not be possible to enforce them. Of all the millions of bank capital in Massachusetts, within twelve months, every dollar has violated the statute against Usury. Nobody enforces these acts. Half the statutes of New England are but sleeping lions to wait for the call of the people; nobody wakes them up every day. Some have been so long fast asleep that they are dead.

"When the nation will accept every creed which the priest makes, because it is made for them, then they are tools for the priest, intellectually dead; and they are fit to have Catholic tyrants rule over them in the church. When the nation is willing to accept a statute which violates the nation's conscience, the nation is rotten. If a statute is right, I will ask how I can best obey it. When it is wrong, I ask how I can best disobey it—most safely, most effectually, with the least violence. When we make the priest the keeper of our creed, the State the master of our conscience, then it is all over with us."

"Religion is the only basis for everything. It must go everywhere, into the man's shop, into the seamstress' work-room, must steer the sailor's ship. Reverence for the Infinite Mind, and Conscience, and Heart, and Soul, who is the Cause and Providence of this world, that must go up to the highest heights of our speculation, down to the lowest deeps of our practice. Take that away, and there is nothing on which you can depend, even for your money; or for your liberty and life. Without a reverence for the Higher Law of God everything will be ruled by interest or violence. The Church will collapse into nothing, the State will go down to ruin!

"All around us are the monuments of men who, in the name of Truth broke the priest's creed, defied the king's statute in the spirit of Justice. Look at them! There is a little one at Acton where two men gave their lives for their country; another at Concord; one at Lexington—a little pile of dear old mossy stone, 'Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind;' another at West Cambridge; another at Danvers—all commemorative of the same deed; and on yonder hill there is a great stone finger pointing to God's Higher Law, and casting its shadow on the shame of the sister cities. All New England is a monument to the memory of those men who trusted in God's Higher Law, and for its sake put an ocean three thousand miles wide between them and their mothers' bones. It is this which makes Plymouth Rock so dear. Our calendar is dotted all over with days sacred to the memory of such men. What are the First of August, the Twenty-second of December, the Nineteenth of April, the Seventeenth of June, the Fourth of July, but bright, red-letter days in our calendar, marked by the memory of men who were faithful to God, say the statutes of tyrants what they may say? Nay, what else are these venerable days, called Christmas, Easter, Pentecost and the Catholic Saints' days throughout the year?

"There is one thing which this Bible teaches in almost every page, and that is reverence for the Higher Law of God. The greatest men who wrote here were only men; to err is human, we all learn by experiment, and they were mistaken in many things; but all teach this, from the littlest to the greatest, from Genesis to Revelation—RELIGION BEFORE ALL OTHER THINGS, REVERENCE FOR GOD ABOVE ALL! It was that for which Jesus bowed his head on the Cross, and 'sat down at the right hand of God.'

"There is an Infinite God! You and I owe allegiance to him, and our service of Him is the keeping of every law which He has made; keeping it faithfully, earnesly, honestly. That is Religion, and to those who do it, on every thundering cloud which passes over their heads, He will cast his rainbow, girdling it with seven-fold magnificence of beauty, and on that cloud take them to His own Kingdom of Heaven, to be with Him forever and forever."

POLITICS.

THE Anti-Nebraska Convention, to be held at Saratoga on Wednesday next, will probably be a large body, but we fear it will be spoiled by political managers and wire-pullers.

——SENATOR WADE, of Ohio, in a letter declining an invitation to address a Convention of the people in Portage County, on the 4th of July, gives the following advice:

"Please tell all good Whigs from me, that I for one, counsel the whole party to forget a name, and join heartily in this great movement of the People, and look not back until the vile traitors have been punished, and our country redeemed from the grasp of the meanest aristocracy that ever cursed a nation."

——The leadears of the Softs in this State are preparing for a new 'dodge.' They propose, in their State Convention, to affect an honest repugnance to the Nebraska bill, and to stigmatize it as a *Whig* measure in its principal features; but not to involve themselves in any pledges for the repeal of the act, or to do anything else in opposition to slavery. By this means they hope to keep the party together and to prevent an alliance between anti-slavery Democrats and Whigs. We shall see how the trick succeeds.

——JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS has addressed a letter to his constituents, giving his approval to the Republican movement commenced at Columbus, and inasmuch as there may be a demand that he shall retire to make room for some new man, he expresses an entire willingness to leave the matter in the hands of the new party, confident that no man will be selected as a candidate who is not true to the cause of freedom. He says, "let not my name be used to prevent such a union, nor in any degree to reduce its numbers or its moral or political influence." We presume he will be re-elected.

——The Provisional Committee appointed by the Anti-Nebraska Convention lately held at Worcester, Mass., has called a State Convention of the Republicans of Massachusetts, to assemble at the same place on the 7th of September, to nominate candidates for State officers, and to take such other action as may be thought proper, in order *to promote* the cause of resistance to the Slave Power. The Convention is to be composed of a number of delegates three times as large as the number of representatives to the Legislature. The Whigs, instead of uniting in this movement, as they naturally would do if sincere in their professions of hostility to slavery, are determined to pit against it their old wind-broken, debauched and conscienceless party. Truly did Wendell Phillips say that the dead hand of Webster was still upon the helm of Massachusetts politics.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY'S SPEECH, delivered at Flushing on the 1st inst., will be found in our present issue. It is interesting and impressive, and will command the earnest attention of our readers.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

It is with very great pleasure that we subjoin the following translation of an article contained in a recent German newspaper, by which it will be perceived that the friends of the slave in Stuttgart, undismayed by the loss of their beautiful box in the shipwreck of the Humboldt, are once again commencing their labours in behalf of next winter's Bazaar. The Prelate Kapff is one of the most eminent of the German clergy, and we cannot but feel deeply grateful that he should have exerted his influence in so noble and yet so suffering a behalf as that of the American slave. Of Madame Hunt's untiring devotion and energy we shall say nothing, except to express our belief that it cannot fail to stir up the hearts of all women at home, who have been heretofore workers for the Bazaar, to more efficient and self-sacrificing action. It is in this hope that we publish this article, so full of cheer and encouragement.

A. W. W.

From the "Schwabischer Merkur" of April 2d.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN NORTH AMERICA.

Some noble friends of humanity among us, interested in the abolition of slavery in North America, sent, towards the close of last year, for the Boston Bazaar, held in aid of that cause, contributions, which were received by Mrs. Hunt, and punctually forwarded to America. The box containing these articles was shipped on board the steamer Humboldt, which was unfortunately wrecked near Halifax. Two American newspapers (the *Liberator* of Boston, and *Anti-Slavery Standard* of New York) have mentioned these donations from Germany with great satisfaction, and have expressed much regret for their loss. I have read these communications, as well as a letter addressed to Mrs. Hunt from the Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and perceive from them the great importance which is attached in America to the sympathy of Germany in the emancipation of the slaves, and how gratefully the contributions from Wurtemburg to the Bazaar were appreciated. Even the distinguished author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has, in the above-named papers, made honourable mention of our gifts. As Mrs. Hunt will receive the proceeds of the insurance to the amount of two hundred florins, she proposes with this sum to purchase and send to Boston various articles of Wurtemberg manufacture. These will at once give evidence of our desire for the abolition of slavery, and will serve as specimens of the mechanical industry of Wurtemberg, and may, perhaps, as such, prove a profitable expression of our regard. Among the lost articles, many, however, were of a beauty of workmanship which can hardly be replaced by money, and Mrs. Hunt, in her deep regret at their loss, and in her zeal for the anti-slavery cause, esteems it right to ask further contributions of those favourably disposed towards this movement. This unwearied English lady, therefore, addresses, through me, to the friends of the slave, the modest inquiry, whether they cannot send her some further specimens of female handiwork, or similar donations, that the Anti-Slavery Bazaar in Boston may not only receive articles which we have purchased for it, but also those especially made for it by the hands of its friends. I should scarcely venture this request in our present circumstances, but the extraordinary sacrifices in money, time and effort made by Mrs. Hunt herself for the emancipation of the slaves, give such weight to her suggestions and to her expressions of confidence in our sympathy for so noble a cause, that I could not easily neglect her request. More especially is this the case, at a moment when the abolition of slavery needs every man's help. A new Territory of North America, as large as both France and Spain, is threatened to be added to the slave-holding States, and an extraordinary agitation respecting this measure prevails throughout the Union.

Any persons wishing to contribute to the object named, can send their donations to me, or to Messrs. Spring in *Konigstrasse*, or Hartneck in *Hirschustrasse*, or to Mrs. Hunt herself, at her own house (No. 12 *Urbanstrasse*).

The Prelate Kapff.

Stuttgart, March 29, 1854.

N. B. The contributions must be sent from here in July, as the Bazaar is held at about Christmas.

Intolerance Rebuked.—A little more than a year since, Rowland Johnson, of this city, a birthright member of the Society of Friends, resigned his right of membership, assigning as a reason for the step the delinquencies of the Society in respect to Christian Reforms. The New York Monthly Meeting, under the influence of the same spirit which led it to disown Charles Marriot and Issac T. Hopper, instead of accepting his resignation, as by every principle of common sense and of religious liberty they were bound to do, proceeded to disown him as a contumacious heretic for daring to treat the Society with so much disrespect as to withdraw therefrom! Mr. Johnson appealed from this unrighteous and oppressive edict of the Monthly Meeting, not that he cared a straw for a right which he had voluntarily resigned, but because he felt it to be his duty, by all fair and Christian means, to resist this effort to affix a stigma to his name and to restrict his rights as a man and a Christian. The question was taken to the Quarterly Meeting in the usual form, and the leading spirits in the New York Monthly Meeting availed themselves of every means within their reach to secure a confirmation of the disownment. But neither whines nor threats availed anything. The Quarterly Meeting *reversed* the judgment of the subordinate body, thus restoring our friend to his place in the Society, and virtually admitting his right to withdraw from the same without subjecting himself to official censure. The "rulers" in the Quaker "Israel" in this city, long accustomed to having their own way in the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, are, we understand, utterly confounded at finding themselves thus overruled and rebuked. Their conduct toward Rowland Johnson had been marked by an intolerant and persecuting spirit from the day when be first removed hither from Philadelphia; and when he sought relief from unbearable annoyances by a voluntary resignation of his membership, their hostility was so bitter that they must needs pursue him, after the manner of the Romish Church, with the javelin of excommunication. It is a long lane, says the proverb, that has no turn; even religious bigotry and intolerance come at length to an angle beyond which they cannot pass.

The *Massachusetts Spy*, published at Worcester, is the oldest paper in the Commonwealth. It was established by the celebrated Isaiah Thomas, in 1771, more than 83 years ago. In 1823, John Milton Earle, a Quaker, became its editor, and he has continued in that relation for 31 years, most of the time without assistance. The *Spy*, originally Federal in its politics, became, after the "era of good feeling" that followed the election of Monroe to the Presidency, a champion of John Quincy Adams, then National Republican, and afterwards Whig. It held its position in that party until the nomination of Gen. Taylor in 1848, when it joined the Free Soil party, with which it is still connected. Mr. Earle laboured earnestly to induce the Whig party to take an honest and straight-forward course on the slavery question, and left it when his conscience would no longer permit him to support its platform and its candidates. The *Spy*, in his hands, was always a popular family paper and moderately progressive in its spirit and aims. Its influence in the "Heart of the Commonwealth" exceeded that of any other paper, and it has done much to advance the cause of political anti-slavery. Thomas Drew, a writer of much ability, has been associated with Mr. Earle since 1850.

Progressive Friends in Chester Co., Pa., hold their First day meetings, now, not at Hamorton Hall, as we recently stated, but in the Meeting-House near the Red Lion Hill.

TROUBLESOME HOAX.

We find the following paragraph in the *Herald* of this city, where it stands credited to the London *Morning Advertiser*, of July 17.

"THE GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT MANCHESTER.

"This Convention, to be holden on the 1st of August, at Manchester, will receive an additional interest in the presence of the Hon. John Van Buren, a prominent American politician, and son of Martin Van Buren, ex-President of the United States. Mr. Van Buren visits this country to be present at the forthcoming Anti-Slavery Convention, and to advise with his fellow-workers in the noble cause of negro Emancipation in the United States, with which his father, as well as himself, has for several years been identified. This is another evidence of the increasing hatred of that peculiar institution gaining ground in the feelings of every right minded man. We shall hail Mr. Van Buren's presence at this interesting period of the anti-slavery cause in America as of great good omen. No man can better advise his fellow-workers in the noble cause; no man will be listened to with more attention, nor considering his antecedents, is more capable of giving practical directions. In our impression of Saturday we give a list of the important subjects to be discussed. All these subjects affect more or less the internal affairs of the several States, as well as the Federal Union. There is none, however, of such vital importance as that proposing the discussion of the feasibility of dissolving that great Union of States, which it has so often been said is governed by the hearts of a free people, and now stands in its greatness an example to the world. The discussion of this momentous topic will form a new phase of the anti-slavery movement in this country. With such compatriots as George Thompson, W. Wells Brown, and Parker Pillsbury, Mr. Van Buren cannot fail to render good service to the cause of freedom by instructing his fellow-workers on this side of the Atlantic."

How a hoax so palpable as the above found its way into the *Morning Advertiser*, an earnest anti-slavery journal, generally well posted in American affairs, remains to be explained; but we have little doubt that Daniel E. Sickles, Secretary of the American Legation, could, if he would, tell who concocted it. The object of it is apparent at a glance. It was to embarrass Mr. Van Buren abroad, and injure him politically at home. We will do 'Prince John' the justice to believe that, when the paragraph met his eye, he deeply regretted that it was not the exact truth, as it certainly ought to have been, instead of a sorry hoax. By what *eclaircissement* he contrived to extricate himself from the embarrassment inevitable to him under such circumstances, we do not know. The London correspondent of the *Herald* says he sought an interview with the editor of the *Advertiser*; and thus does he affect to relate what occurred between the parties:

"He (Mr. Van Buren) must needs be set right before the London public and the American republic. He seeks Mr. George Sanders, our efficient and very American Consul, and with him repairs to the office of the *Morning Advertiser*. Meeting the very innocent editor who, supposing he has conferred an extraordinary favour on our American politician in bringing his name, as a noble advocate of the good cause, before the public, congratulates him on the promising prospects before him, and hopes he will feel quite at home.

"To an inquiry our compromised politician is informed that the information came from a direct and responsible source, and that, further, the article in question was written by a friend ardently engaged in the good cause, and long an admirer of the noble part he (our politician) had taken in behalf of oppressed humanity. Quite satisfied with this straightforward explanation, he took leave of the innocent editor, requesting the insertion of an explanation which appeared the next morning, and which, to persons of common discernment, only confirms the tenour of the article of Monday."

The *Herald* has not yet allowed us to see the "explanation" above referred to, but we shall probably get sight of it hereafter.

We think our friends Thompson, Brown and Pillsbury must have opened their eyes pretty wide when they saw the Prince of Lindenwald set down, on such good authority too, in the programme of the Manchester Convention. We wonder if they did not, for the moment, think that the faithless man might, perchance, have repented of his back-slidings and gone to England upon a tour of penance!

Wendell Phillips at Union College.—The appearance of Mr. Phillips as orator of the Literary Societies at the recent Commencement of Union College was, naturally enough, an annoyance to those ultra conservative friends of the institution who regard reform and progress as synonyms of all that is odious and hateful. A correspondent of the *Times* having alluded to a report that Mr. Phillips was "smuggled in" upon the ocasion, a member of the Adelphic Society came out in that paper with an explanation of the circumstances attending the appointment, and which are a complete refutation of the said report. After explaining that the Society is an independent association of students, who select their orator or poet without consulting the President or the Faculty, and that, if the Society is suited, no one else has just cause of complaint, he says:

"Last term we had been informed that in consequence of the semi-centenial of Dr. Nott, and the accompanying extension of ceremonies, we would not be expected to procure a Commencement orator as usual. Afterwards, although, at a late hour, ascertaining the contrary, a Committee was appointed to see that some suitable person should be procured. Mr. Phillips was written to, and was engaged by this Committee, and the Committee made no secret of the transaction. The arrangement was known to the students generally, three weeks previous to Commencement, and if any of the faculty had taken the trouble to inquire they would have received full information as to our intentions. Those who are aware of the genius for discovery which is a characteristic of other College professors, can judge as to whether ours could have long remained ignorant of a well known fact like this.

"Whether the savour of Mr. Phillips's remarks was agreeable to all who heard him, we are unable to say. That doctorship will be granted him we do not imagine. But we do know that he was obtained honourably, announced openly, spoke freely, and satisfied the Society, of which your correspondent is a Member."

Emancipation in Barbadoes.—It has often been argued as conclusive evidence that the emancipation of the Slaves in the West Indies was an unwise and improvident act, that since that event, the exports of most of the islands have been seriously diminished. The fact is admitted, but the inference is denied, since it is easy to account for the former without adopting the latter. But there is at least one of the islands whose history furnishes an exception to the general statement above alluded to. Barbadoes, which is said to be as densely populated as the Chinese Empire, has, it is said, increased its products since emancipation, having produced last year, under the system of free black labour, 40,000 puncheons of sugar at a ton apiece. Our authority for this statement is a correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from St. Thomas.

Spanish Revolution—Cuba.—The intrigues of Mr. Soule at Madrid for the acquisition of Cuba have been paralyzed by a revolution which has driven Queen Christina from the country, deposed the Calderon Cabinet, and compelled the reigning Queen, as the only means of preserving her throne, to call Espartero, a man of liberal views, to the head of affairs. Whether he will be able or not to establish the government remains to be seen. The influence of the revolution upon the question of Cuba is also problematical at present. Before the disturbance occurred, Mr. Soule indulged the hope that the pecuniary embarrassments of the government would speedily induce [illegible] negotiations must be suspended; and it seems probable that, under the new order of things, Mr. Soule's chance of success will be rather diminished than increased.

Sallie Holley addressed the people of Wellsville, Allegany Co., on Sunday, July 30. The *Free Press* of that place says:

"It has seldom been our fortune to listen to an address so well calculated to not only please, but prove effective for good. We have heard no one who listened to Miss Holley speak disparagingly of her discourse, but, on the contrary, all seem to have been both interested and instructed. She will probably speak in some of our neighbouring towns, and we bespeak for her a full and attentive hearing."

TEMPERANCE.

A recent writer says: "It is astonishing the effect produced by spirits upon persons of even the strongest constitution when indulged in at an elevation of 10,000 or 12,000 feet. At 19,000 feet it is perfectly dangerous to take any quantity of raw spirits, as even a half a wine glass of brandy produces intoxication. All hill travellers drink nothing but hot tea; for travelling up mountains and down valleys, across bridges of very questionable security, requires a firm and very steady nerve, which it is impossible for those who indulge freely in the use of spirits to retain long in the snowy regions."

——The Prohibitory Law went into operation in Connecticut on the 1st of August. It is yet too early to speak of its fruits, the struggle for its enforcement being only begun. The law allows the several towns to appoint persons to sell alcoholic liquors, under proper restrictions, for medicinal, sacramental and mechanical purposes. In Hartford, the rum party united with a portion of the friends of temperance in refusing to appoint agents for this purpose, and the proposition was defeated. The object of the rum party was to make the law odious, but we trust the measure will have the contrary effect. In New Haven, the law was inaugurated by ceremonies which the *Journal* thus describes:

"The van of the procession was led by a sombre-looking harlequin on horseback, who was followed by a couple of drums and fifes, and perhaps a hundred men in tattered costumes of all descriptions and of all shades of uncouthness. The misery of drunkenness was symbolized by the semblance of a wretched-looking woman with a bottle to her mouth, and Bacchus rested in rubicund grief on the top of an enormous whiskey-barrel. A fat man, the weight of whose potations sunk his belly to his knees, waddled along by the side of the gaunt and haggard victim, whose miserable rags hung about him like a scarecrow; and every variety and degree of mischief resulting from the use of liquor was depicted by the different characters. With solemn tread the procession moved through the streets, greeting with cheers the residences of those who had been prominent in delivering them from the 'enemy' whose death they celebrated; and they finally wound up the exhibition during the evening by those demonstrations of affection usually manifested in parting with an old and familiar friend."

——The leading Temperance organizations in this State have united in calling two Conventions, to be held at Saratoga, the first on the 16th and the second on the 17th inst. The first will be a delegated body, composed of four members from each Congressional District. Its object will be "to take into consideration the present exigencies of the Cause, and, in view of its demands upon us as citizens wielding the right of suffrage, to decide upon the course which may render our suffrages the most effective in obtaining the legislation which we demand." The second will be a Mass Ratification Meeting, in which every friend of the cause will be at liberty to participate.

——A Miss Wright has recently been lecturing on Temperance at Maysville, Ky. We presume the person alluded to is Elizabeth C. Wright, who has lectured on the same subject, within the last few months, in Eastern Pennsylvania and Delaware. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Maysville, says:

"Miss Wright lectured for three successive nights to crowded houses. Our large Court-House was literally packed with delighted audiences to hear her. They listened to her for not less than an hour and a half each evening. A woman who is really an orator is a great novelty in this region. Indeed, no woman of decided talent as a public speaker, has ever visited us before the advent of Miss Wright, except Lucretia Mott, last year. Public opinion in the slave States is strongly set against the practice of public lectures on the part of the gentler sex. I doubt not that the visits of these two women have done much to enlighten it in that direction. There is something so winning and seductive about the oratory of a gentle woman pleading in behalf of a great moral cause and of humanity that none can resist her. It is this kind of mental magnetism that renders the speeches of this lady so effective. It would require but the patient traverse of this State by such apostles of truth and righteousness, to prepare the public mind fully and fairly for the passage of a stringent prohibitory law. This you may deem somewhat problematic. But mark the prediction: This State will be the first south of Mason and Dixon's line to adopt such a law, and that period is not far hence!"

Littell's Living Age, says the Boston *Advertiser*, has now been established more than ten years, and its past issues fill no less than forty large volumes, which afford a compendious record of the current literature, and to some extent a contemporaneous history of the period which they cover. Viewed in these lights, and also as an almost inexhaustible mine of good reading, the value of a set of the "Living Age" in bound volumes, with the General Index to the whole, which is promised, can scarcely be too highly estimated.

The stereotype plates of the back numbers fill 1,000 boxes and weigh nearly 60,000 pounds. The proprietors announce that they cannot afford to retain so much capital locked up in them, even as mere metal; and they accordingly propose to melt them down. Before resorting to this measure —which will represent the destruction of a great deal more reading matter than was burned in the lamentable Alexandrian Library—they will print as many sets as are called for by the public. Those who would secure this valuable treasury of literary wealth—which has a key for its convenient use in the Index—must accordingly make early application.

The *Daily National Era*, having been commenced at the opening of the last session of Congress, has been discontinued simultaneously with the adjournment of that body. It has involved its proprietor in a loss of between four and five thousand dollars, but of this he says he does not complain. Indeed, so deeply is he impressed with the importance of having a Daily Anti-Slavery Press at Washington, that, were he a millionaire, he would permanently maintain such a press at his own expense, deeming it a more beneficent work than to found a dozen Colleges, rivalling Yale or Harvard. Meanwhile, he hopes by assiduous devotion to the *Weekly Era*, to increase its subscription list to such an extent as to repair the loss he has sustained in supporting the Daily.

In Favour of Repeal.—We put on record the names of the 45 members of the House who, upon the recent motion of Mr. Elliot, of Massachusetts, to suspend the rules to enable him to present a bill for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, had the courage to vote in the affirmative:

Yeas—Messrs. Ball, Bennett, Benson, Campbell, Carpenter, Corwin, Crocker, Thomas Davis, De Witt, Dick, Dickinson, Eastman, Edmands, Thos. D. Eliot, Everhart, Giddings, Goodrich, Aaron Harlan, Howe, Daniel T. Jones, Knox, Matteson, Mayall, Morgan, Norton, Parker, Pennington, Pringle, David Ritchie, Russel, Sabin, Sage, Sapp, Simmons, Gerrit Smith, Andrew Stuart, Thurston, Trout, Upham, Wade, Walley, Elihu B. Washburne, Israel Washburn, Wells, and Tappan Wentworth—45.

The Statesman.—Such is the title of a newly established semi-weekly journal, which reaches us from Wilmington, Delaware. Its character may be inferred from the fact that its principal editor is William R. Smith, formerly of Macedon, Wayne, Co., N. Y., a gentleman extensively known in this and other States [illegible] and will no doubt wield a strong influence against slavery. We hail the establishment of such a paper in slaveholding Delaware as a most encouraging omen. May it be brave and successful.

Congress adjourned, *sine die*, on Monday morning, greatly to the relief of the honest portion of the American people, whose moral sense has been shocked, as it never was before, by the shameless atrocity of its leading measures. We wish it could never meet again to renew its schemes of plunder, treachery and crime; but the first Monday in December will witness its return to Washington, to renew its work of mischief. Let us be thankful that it cannot prolong its worthless life beyond the fourth of March.

Gerrit Smith, in settling with the Sergeant-at-Arms, was entitled, according to the usual interpretation of the law, to about $500 for mileage. He would only consent, however, to take about $90, being $8 per day while coming and going, and his actual travelling expenses. Only think of a member of Congress being too conscientious to take the money which law and custom placed within his reach. What fanaticism! It is well for the safety of "our glorious Union" that honesty of this type is not more prevalent.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Philadelphia, August 7th, 1854.

In consenting to act as your Correspondent, I did not bind myself, be it remembered, to send you a letter for publication, without fail, every week. My function, as I understand it, is to keep you, and, through you, your readers, duly apprised of all important happenings hereaways, and to see that the Cause in this State suffers no detriment for want of being duly cared for in your columns. All I may do over and above this is to be regarded as work supererogatory, and to be set down to my credit accordingly.

If I had needed an excuse, however, for my non-appearance in your two last numbers, one might have been found in the excessive heat of the weather. With the mercury standing at 90 deg. Fahrenheit, and occasionally rising to 102, in a *cool place*, who could be expected to spend any portion of his leisure out-of-office time in inditing grave letters, or gay ones either, for publication in a newspaper?

The heat this summer, it is said, exceeds anything that is in the memory of that intelligent individual, "the oldest inhabitant." Certain it is, from the record, that the average temperature of July just passed was 3 deg. higher than it has been for the last 29 years. The bill of mortality in the city shows 27 deaths from sun-stroke in the last week. A newspaper paragraph before me states that on one of the railroads near the city "a switch-tender, one day, found the lever so hot, and the iron so expanded by the burning rays of the sun, that he could not budge it from its place till he had first poured water on it to contract it." You saw it stated in the papers, doubtless, that during part of several days "out door business was to a great extent suspended"; it might have been added, in-door business too. This certainly was true in regard to the "business" of writing letters for the Standard. With life's forces oozing out at every pore, and one's brain actually "softened," being melted with fervent heat, how could one not endowed with a surplus of vital energy be expected to put forth any exertion, physical or mental, not required by absolute necessity?

Philadelphia is said to be, in the middle of the season, one of the hottest cities in the Union, not excepting even those of the far South. It is situated far inland and on a level plain, and has, therefore, neither mountain air nor sea breeze to keep it cool.

What a difference there is between the temperature of our summer and that of England! I remember when I was there, this time last year, I dressed in woolens altogether, and often found an overcoat in the evenings not uncomfortable. Here, linen drillings are not light enough, and everything supernumerary in the way of garments is laid to one side.

Have you never noticed the connection that seems to exist between the weather and the people's passions? How the one appears to rise and fall with the other? and how a certain class of people's feelings and propensities are kindled and inflamed to ebullition by a high atmospheric temperature? Look at the facts of the last few weeks. What a catalogue of murders, riots, rape, and rapine! In a single day you have had in your city and Brooklyn three murders, and all of them of the most revolting character. "In one case," says a paper before me descanting on the facts, "a gentleman lodging at the St. Nicholas Hotel was brutally run through the body with a sword, upon the slightest provocation. In another, a young wife, but twenty-seven years of age, the mother of two small children, whom she leaves in destitute circumstances, was killed by a ferocious husband, who performed his dreadful work, as it is alleged, 'by repeatedly jumping upon her face and breast with his heavy boots.' In the third, a fiendish father coolly caught up his sleeping infant from its bed, nearly severed its head from its body with a razor, and then horribly mutilated the face and body of the frantic mother, who interfered to rescue her child, and was only saved from sharing its cruel fate by the arrival of the neighbours whom her cries called to the spot."

I need not adduce any illustrations to show that Philadelphia is not a whit behind New York in atrocities of this kind. These crimes, always revolting and frequent enough, are, as far as my observation has gone, still more revolting and frequent during the raging heats of midsummer.

You will be pleased to hear that in the matter of riots, we Philadelphians have some slight prospect of an amelioration. Philadelphia has for a long time, and I must say deservedly, enjoyed the reputation of being the "Mob city." Our eminence in this respect dates back to the burning of Pennsylvania Hall. On that occasion Mayor Swift threw up the reins to the mob, and by the mob they have been held ever since. "You are my police," said he to the rioters, and then went away and left them. When he was gone, they put the torch to the beautiful edifice, and the firemen rested on their apparatus and looked on enjoying the conflagration. The merchants of Market street said, "Ah, ha, so would we have it," and the city and county authorities set the laws at defiance to secure impunity to the perpetrators. We, that is the Abolitionists, told them then that they had sowed the wind and would reap the whirlwind. Our prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. Philadelphia has been reaping and garnering, from that day to this, a harvest of infamy, anarchy and pecuniary loss, the magnitude of which it would be hard to measure.

But just now we are indulging in hopes of seeing a better state of things. Mayor Conrad is a different man from Mayor Swift, and Philadelphia is not quite the same city she was sixteen years ago; at least she is older and a little wiser, and has somewhat modified her views as to the innocuousness, and imagined occasional usefulness of mobs. She has had enough of experience in this line to make her want a change.

Our worst riots and most frequent are Sunday riots, and these nearly all have their origin in the grog-shops. The people, therefore, demanded that these fountains of vice and disorder should be closed on the first day of the week, and Mayor Conrad undertook to comply with their wish, and caused all persons known to sell liquor on that day to be arrested and bound over to answer at the Quarter Sessions for keeping a disorderly house. This worked like a charm for awhile, but at length it was discovered that any action of our Municipal Executive as beneficent as this could not be legal, and the [illegible] shops, and Lager-bier saloon keepers and their customers. One man, a lager-bier vender at Lemon Hill, called, the very day after the decision was published at the Marshal's office, and coolly asked that a detachment of not less than nine men should be sent to his establishment the next day, Sunday, to repress disorder. The Marshal dutifully complied, and with the desired effect, as will be seen from the following extract from a report which appeared in one of the Monday morning's papers: "There was an increased amount of drunkenness and disorder in many parts of the city yesterday, owing to the temporary relaxation of the reins, by the decision of the Supreme Court. *At Lemon Hill, lager-bier was sold to an immense crowd, but there was no disturbance owing to the presence of a large police force!*" Is it not an outrage that the tax-burdened people of Philadelphia have to pay the expense of an army of policemen to enable such creatures as this to ply his destructive and demoralizing traffic!

On Saturday, the cases of persons who had been bound over for selling liquor on the previous Sunday came up for a hearing. Those who had, in the mean time, paid their fines, and who could present a receipt for the same, were discharged. One of these very naively said to the Alderman who had bound him over, "Well, your honour, if I pays my fine again, can't I keep open to-morrow?" This was rather a poser for the Alderman, but the Mayor, who was present, answered the question in some remarks that he made to another offender. He said "if the offence should be repeated under circumstances calculated to disturb the public peace, be would bind the defendant over to answer at Court for maintaining a nuisance." He further said:

"In a case where nothing more than the prosecution of a wordly business, wholly unaccompanied by acts tending to injure the public morals, disturb the public peace, or to seriously affect the tranquillity and decorum of the city on the Sabbath, was proved, he would, under the views given by Judge Woodward, confine himself to the infliction of a fine; but that he receded not one inch from the ground he had taken against such a sale of liquor on the Sabbath as tending to create disorder or to incite immorality, to gather noisy and ill-regulated throngs, or generally to desecrate this day, held by the laws of the State, as well as by the laws of God, sacred. In all such cases the law afforded sufficient remedies for the protection of the community; and he would continue, with undiminished determination and vigour, to bind them over to answer before a jury for the offence —an offence, perhaps, more fatal in its influences and effects than any known to our calendar."

The question of reorganizing our municipal Fire Department is now before Councils, and a good deal of anxiety is felt as to the result. It was fully expected that one of the first effects of consolidation would be a reform that would give us a Paid instead of the Volunteer system now in operation; but there is danger of our being disappointed. It seems that the present Fire Department has managed to have a good many active friends in both the Councils, and it is feared that these men, aided by the outside influences at work to the same end, will succeed in preventing anything like the radical reformation that is desired. Councils are a large body, numerically, but in intellect and force of character they are, with few exceptions, understood to be very much the reverse. If they should yield to the influences that are brought to bear upon them to secure the perpetuation of the absurd and mischievous system that now exists, they will entitle themselves to everlasting reprobation.

I intimated in one of my former letters that there was a good deal of hope among our anti-slavery voters that the increased feeling in the State of hostility to slavery and the slave-power would find a voice and a representative in Judge Pollock, the Whig candidate for Governor; but this hope appears now to be less sanguine than it was. It was expected that the Address of the Whig Committee, which, though in advance of previous manifestos from the same quarter, was very cautious and carefully guarded, would be followed by some frank and manly avowal on the part of the candidate himself that would have at once commanded confidence and put an end to all doubt. But the candidate holds back or speaks reservedly. The impression begins to obtain that he is timid, not independent, and deficient in back-bone—an impression which, if it should become prevalent, will greatly damage his chances for election. It is to be hoped, however, that it will prove to be without proper foundation. The canvass has not fairly opened, and there has not yet been time or opportunity to form an intelligent opinion in the premises. Soon the Judge will take the stump, when, of course, he will state his views at length, and give the people a taste of his quality. My own impression is that the fears I have alluded to will in a great measure be dispelled, and that anti-slavery voters of all parties will find their account, under the circumstances, in supporting him.

M. M. K.

Summary.

An Uncle Tom Carpet.—The carpet of the saloon in the steamer which brought the King of Portugal to England, is tapestry, and contains illustrated scenes from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Free Medical College.—The State of Michigan has the honour of being the first State in the Union, if not in the world, which offers to the student *from all portions of America* a complete collegiate course of medical instruction *free of charge.* The College is in Ann Arbour, where seven Professors are on duty, and the course of studies is said to be comprehensive and thorough; the term commencing on the 1st of October, and continuing six months.

The new Universalist College at Somerville will be opened for the admission of students on the third Monday of next September. Mr. Wm. P. Drew has been appointed Professor of the Latin and Greek languages, and Rev. Dr. Ballou will instruct in Ancient and Modern Geography and Evidences of Christianity.

Home Thrust.—It was rather a sad thing to see a man of Mr. Benton's position apply the term "dirty dog" to a Senator in Congress. It was a sadder sight to see the Senator prove on the floor of the Senate that even so indecorous and vulgar a phrase was not misapplied.—*Providence Journal.*

Another Public Execution.—Young Casey, who murdered a man and his wife in South-Natick more than a year ago, has been sentenced to be hung on Friday, September 29. He has served one year in the State Prison, and a strong effort has been made to secure him a home there for life, on the ground of some aberration of mind; but the committee on pardoos has reported adversely, and the Governor and Council have ordered his execution.—*Bost. Congregationalist.*

Official Courtesies.—Judge Pepper of the 7th Judicial District of Tennessee, who was a blacksmith by trade, lately presented to Gov. Johnson of that State, a fire shovel, made by the Judge's own hands. The Governor accepted the present, and, being a tailor by trade, returned the compliment by cutting and making with his own hands, a coat, which he presented to the Judge.

A Bad Character.—Albert J. Tirrell was tried in Massachusetts, some years since, for the murder of Maria Bickford, a harlot who had been his mistress for some years previous. The proof of his guilt was very strong, but he escaped conviction on a plea of *somnambulism.* He lately figured as one of the volunteer Marshal aids at the surrender of Anthony Burns, and he has since been detected by the police in trying to commit a highway robbery. He deserves looking after.—*Tribune.*

Decrease of Coloured People.—The slaves would become white, even faster than the free coloured people, but the slave may become white without becoming free; whils the descendants of free coloured persons, when they cease to have one fourth of African blood in them, cease to be ranked in the coloured class. *It is for this reason that we oftener see very white slaves than very white "free-coloured people."* This remark will be confirmed by the experience of every Southern man.

Joshua Coffin, the famous antiquarian, after a deal of research, has arrived at the profound conclusion, that President Pierce's great grandfather's grandfather, Thomas Pierce, lived in Woburn, and President Fillmore's ancestors as far back, in Ipswich. Probably if "President Pierce's great grandfather's grandfather" could have foreseen who and what his great grandson's grandson was to be, he would have tried to gain some other distinction than that of being the ancestor of so illustrious an individual.

A good joke is a good joke, no matter where it comes from. The Richmond *Dispatch*, in correcting the statement contained in the paragraph about "Brimstone Corner," says: "We are glad to bear that the pulpit of the Park Street Church is not occupied by Theodore Parker. Nevertheless we only erred in point of time, for if Theodore Parker does not hold forth at Brimstone Corner in this life, it is pretty clear that he will in the life to come."

Timely Warning.—The Washington *Union* in a characteristic article of "The Last and Worst Tree [illegible] bold Whig spirit of the free States should escape the pestilential atmosphere of Greeley and Garrison, and should declare himself free and independent of all such influences." Is there not one to respond to this patriotic appeal? Only one is asked for! Will not Commissioner Loring or Commissioner Curtis suffice? Even their fidelity to the slavocracy appears to be more than suspected by the *Union*, or it would not have made such a pathetic inquiry. To what are we coming? Who is any longer to be trusted?—*Liberator.*

The Difference.—A man in California steals a horse, is arrested, tried by Lynch law, and hung by a mob. Another man fights a duel with a fellow man, murders his antagonist, and the Governor of the State appoints him to the highest office in his gift! Query? Of how much more value is a horse than a man? How much does the honour of a Governor exceed that of a mob? What must be the moral condition of a State that sanctions the punishment of a horse thief by death, and the elevation of a murderer to the highest office in the gift of its Governor? Yet the condition of California is said to be improving!—*Bost. Cong.*

The Louisville *Journal* publishes by the year the advertisement of a slave-dealer in that place, named—Garrison! We *do* not—we *cannot* understand why this gentleman does not move the Legislature of his State in this matter. One would think that a person engaged in a respectable, legal and patriotic traffic, based on the perpetuation of the great National Institution of Human Slavery, would shrink with instinctive delicacy from associating with his business a name made loathsome and hateful by its connection with the damnable heresy of Human Freedom!—*Boston Jour.*

The Largest Rattlesnake yet, and captured by a Lady.—On Friday last, Mrs. Henry Clark, in returning from a berry party in Medford, was suddenly notified, by the noise of his rattle, that she was within a few inches of an enormous rattle-snake. Nothing daunted, she immediately procured a stone, with which she so far disabled him that she could fasten a cord around his neck and drag him to her home, much to the astonishment of her frightened husband. His snakeship measures nearly six feet in length, and has twelve rattles indicating that he is fifteen years old.—*Boston Traveller, Aug.* 1.

New Rochelle Blackberries.—Our attention was yesterday called to a sample of this beautiful fruit raised by Messrs. Geo. Seymour & Co., of Norwalk, on exhibition at the Horticultural stand, in Lyon Building. It surpassed anything we could have conceived. Many of these berries measured four inches in circumference one way, and three and a half the other—being nearly as large as a common sized hen's egg; and they were no doubt as luscious as they looked. Mr. Charles Dickerman of this city, also had a sample of the same kind of fruit on exhibition; though not quite as large, it was more perfectly ripened.—*New Haven Register.*

A New England Giant.—I met a New England giant the other day at Littleton in the person of Henry D. Kimball. He is *six feet eleven inches in height*, and will weigh 300 pounds. He is now 25 years old, and has grown five inches in the last three years. It is thought that he may reach his seven feet, or more. A remarkable circumstance is, that neither of his parents is more than the medium height. I have not heard of but one taller man in the United States, and that is a Kentuckian. Mr. Kimball is in tolerable health. He could receive a handsome salary to exhibit himself to his countrymen, but he prefers not to gratify their curiosity any further than is necessary in the course of his ordinary business.—*Boston Correspondent Journal of Commerce.*

A Yankee Invention.—One of the latest Boston "notions" is that of a locomotive engine so constructed as to run from Boston to Worcester and back with one cord of wood! The distance between these two points is forty-five miles, and the running time each way was one hour and fifteen minutes, or ninety miles in two and a half hours. If this is not the greatest speed ever attained, it is the greatest economy by far. And not only is more than half the fuel saved, but the engine is constructed at a much reduced cost, and more easily kept in repair. Filched and desponding railroad companies may set this over against their losses, and cheer up a little, seeing their expenses will be diminished, their dividends increased, and their stocks rendered more valuable.

An Extraordinary Leap for a Cow.—A gentleman of our acquaintance, in whose word entire reliance may be placed, informs us that while riding a few days since between Honeoye and Rush, on the Canandaigua and Niagara Falls Railroad, a cow was seen upon the track, running with all speed to keep ahead of the train. The animal persisted in keeping the track, notwithstanding the rapid rate at which the thundering train gained upon her. The train was travelling at lightning speed, and very soon struck the cow. The long nose of the "catcher" struck under the beast just as she was making one of the highest bounds, when she was in an instant thrown to the height of thirty feet in the air, and again struck upon the track just as the last car shot from under her. The train consisted of the locomotive and tender, a baggage and two passenger cars. Our friend assures us that the cars did not pass over the animal, and the conductor and engineer testify to the fact that the animal was tossed up as described, and he, being in the last car, saw the dead creature as it fell upon the track. It was her last somerset.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Brutality Personified.—We learn from Capt. Howell, of the Middle Watch Station, that a man came to the lock-up last evening and claimed shelter for the night under circumstances of a peculiar nature. His head was completely shaved, not a vestige of hair being upon the cranium—in fact, nothing visible but the bare scalp. His back was one mass of coagulated blood, caused, he said, by fifty stripes being inflicted upon him at Fort McHenry. In answer to questions from the Captain, he stated that he had been a soldier in the U. S. Army, stationed at Fort McHenry, and that he had deserted, and on being arrested was sentenced to have his head shaved, to receive fifty lashes upon the bare back, and be drummed out of the service, which had accordingly been done. Since writing the above we have learned that the name of the mutilated man is Patrick Kelly. We also understand that the two buglemen who were detailed to lash him are now under arrest because they did not lay on the lash with more severity. It is said they will also be punished.—*Baltimore Patriot, July* 31.

Signs Among the Colleges.—Professor Goodrich made a speech at Milwaukee during the grand excursion, in which he stated that Yale College was opposed to slavery, and the faculty all of one mind on the subject, and wished the fact to be known north and south. It is said that an unusual number of southern students have offered themselves this year.

Among the commencement exercises the present year at different colleges, Frederick Douglas addressed the literary societies at Western Reserve College; Henry Ward Beecher at Meadville; Wendell Phillips at Union; J. P. Thompson at Andover; and William H. Seward at Yale, where George W. Perkins also preached the *concio ad clerum.* The alumni at Harvard chose Charles Summer for their Vice President; Wabash College conferred the honorary D.D. on Joshua Leavitt; and Yale College the LLD. on W. H. Seward.

A Shocking Spectacle.—About four o'clock yesterday morning, a homeless, destitute female, known as Julia Demon, expired while lying on the pavement in Baker street, below Eighth. Whether her death was caused by cholera, destitution or violence cannot be ascertained, the Coroner not having attended to his duty up to a late hour last evening. In consequence of this neglect, the remains of this unfortunate female remained upon the bare bricks that formed her death bed, exposed to the heat of yesterday morning and the showers of rain that fell during the afternoon. Her form was hid from view by an old piece of carpet and other coverings thrown over her by the neighbours. Message after message was sent to the Coroner, and the aid of the police, Board of Health, and magistrates, was invoked, but all failed to accomplish the object. The magistrates under other coroners, were in the habit of officiating in cases similar to this, but the present incumbent has, in various ways rendered himself so obnoxious that none are willing to attend to his duties.—*Phil. Ledger, Aug.* 3.

Brilliant.—A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that just previous to a recent exhibition of fireworks in Washington, a small boy asked a man when the exhibition was to commence. The man said he didn't know; and President Pierce happening to be passing by at the time, the boy, who did not know his person, asked him the same question. His Excellency actually told the boy that the affair would come off soon, and the boy ran off. The Washington *Star* has the credit of giving this piece of information to the world, as an evidence, we suppose, of wonderful condescension on the part of the President. It's a wonder the President did not give the boy a cent to buy some fire crackers—but as the little boy ran off without requesting the favour, we suppose Gen. Pierce did not think of it, as his charitable and liberal heart, we doubt not, would have prompted him to do, if the little fellow had only cried and asked him for it. What a pity the urchin did not know the person of the President. We have a great man at the head of affairs just now—and no mistake! Why, he is not above replying to a civil question propounded to him by an innocent little boy in the street who did not know his person.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Journal.*

Which is the Happiest Man?—We know a man in Michigan who lives on the interest of his money, and that is only $70 per annum. He has, it is true, a small house with one room in it, three or four acres of land, and keeps a cow, a couple of pigs and a few hens, yet he and his wife always appear cheerful and contented, and preserve a respectable appearance on their $70 per annum.

We know of a man in New York, who expends $25,000 per annum for his household expenses. He pays for gas light more than the whole income of the Michigan man. He makes annual holiday presents to more than the whole amount of the property of the Michigan man. It costs him a sum six times as large as the whole income of our philosopher to support a single waiter.

We know them both very well, and we think our Michigan friend by far the happiest, healthiest and most enviable man. They are both advanced in years. The cheapness of books and papers place abundance of rational enjoyment in the power of the countryman; an accumulation of physical ills, and a necessity for intense activity, deprives the citizen of calm and quiet enjoyment and reflection. The former, in the probable course of events, will die of old age at ninety, the latter at seventy. Such is the distribution of happiness and wealth.—*Toledo (O.) Blade.*

Death of a Centenarian.—An old coloured woman, familiarly known as Hager, died in this village on Saturday last. Her age is not exactly known, but from the most reliable data at our command, we infer that she must have been upwards of a hundred years. She was born a slave in Newark, N. J., and was brought to Stamford when she was five or six years old, and lived here until the day of her death. A lady, Mrs. Knapp, now living, aged ninety-six, remembers that Hagar used to carry her when a child. Assuming that Mrs. Knapp must have been three years old at the time to which her recollection extends, and that Hagar must have been thirteen to be charged with the care of children, it will make her age at the time of her death one hundred and six years. Another circumstance confirms this view of the case. During the revolutionary war, Hagar was a cook in Weed's tavern, and her husband, George Dykins, was hostler in the same establishment. Hagar [illegible] Washington when he stopped at the tavern, while on his way to Cambridge, Mass., the headquarters of the American army, in June, 1775. On the same occasion, Washington presented to her husband a silver dollar for his name's sake. Supposing Hagar to have been twenty seven at that time, it would make her age one hundred and six, as in the case of the first supposition. In all probability this is very early her age.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A Nebraska Settler!—A few days since, an officer in the Philadelphia Custom House, who was making an excursion on one of the Delaware steamboats, became engaged in an animated controversy on the Nebraska bill. The discussion was an exciting one, and naturally collected a large crowd around the disputants. At the termination of the argument, a Quaker, who was on board, accosted the official thus:

"Friend, do I understand thee to say that thee is in favour of the Nebraska bill?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, thee is a stranger to me, but is thee not in the employ of the General Government?"

The official gentleman gave one bewildered look, and immediately disappeared down the stairs, in the direction of the bar.—*Trenton Gazette.*

DIED.

Bibb.—At Windsor, Canada West, on the 1st inst., Henry Bibb, aged 39 years. He was born a slave in Kentucky, and raised under all the blighting influences of chattel bondage. At the age of 25, he was so fortunate as to succeed in running away, and, under the guidance of the North Star, in reaching a free State. Since then, he has been connected with the Anti-Slavery cause as a lecturer and writer. For several years past he has been a resident of Canada, where he established the *Voice of the Fugitive*, of which he was the editor, until sickness compelled him to retire from active labour.

Meredith.—In Newlin Township, Chester Co., Pa., on the 25th of Seventh month, James Meredith, aged nearly 86 years. The deceased was a man of remarkable purity of life, and sound, discriminating judgment. He retained his faculties to the close of his long and useful life. Many years since, he identified himself with the Anti-Slavery movement, and, although occupying the station of an Elder in the Society of Friends for a long period, and regarded by all who knew him as one "worthy of double honour," yet, when the conflict arose in the Society, originating in great measure in that subject, he gave his influence decidedly with Progressive Friends. The writer of this brief notice has many times been deeply affected with the impressive and touching words of encouragement and blessing uttered by the dear old saint, as the tears moistened his furrowed cheeks. It was rare indeed to witness such a beautiful blending of manly decision of character with so much womanly gentleness and tenderness of spirit. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

J. A. D.

Will the *Liberator* please copy?

Special Notices.

Anniversary Notice.—The Twelfth Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Salem, Ohio, commencing at 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 26th of August, and continuing probably three days. Edmund Quincy, of Boston, is among the speakers expected to be in attendance.

The distinctive principles and measures of the Western Society are more than ever commending themselves to the consideration of the thinking part of community: "No union with slaveholders," is beginning to be regarded by very many as a necessary measure for the preservation of northern rights. And it is hoped that at a time like the present, when the aggressions of slavery have become more outrageous than ever before, every friend of liberty shall be found at his post, prepared to renew his pledges against oppression, and prepared to make new sacrifices, and greater for the cause of freedom.

Benj. S. Jones, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Nineteenth Annual Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania.—The Committee of Arrangements for the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair invite their coadjutors to commence, at a very early period, their preparations for the Bazaar of 1854. The great success which rewarded their labours, in this department of Anti-Slavery effort, last year, encourage to renewed exertion. The Committee are resolved to do all in their power to make the Fair of 1854 superior to that of any previous year. To accomplish this they rely upon the hearty co-operation of those who have, for many years past, aided them in these labours. They hope to enlist in the work, others, also, who have hitherto stood by, as unconcerned spectators of our enterprise, or have been content to bestow upon it their friendly wishes, excusing themselves from active participation in our efforts. We earnestly invite all who desire that American slavery shall be abolished, to join us in this work. The present condition of our country forbids every true patriot to be inactive now. The efforts which are being made to extend the curse of slavery over an immense portion of our free territory should be met by most energetic action on the part of the opponents of slavery. The battle between freedom and slavery is daily thickening, and if it is to be won for freedom, it must be by the ceaseless vigilance, the untiring energy, of the true friends of Liberty.

Our Annual Fair is an important instrumentality in our enterprise, because it furnishes money, the sinews of war. Nor thus alone; its direct moral influences on public sentiment have been, again and again, proved. Our former fellow-labourers will scarcely need suggestions from us, respecting the modes of working for the Fair. To others who have had less experience in the work, we would say, that almost any marketable commodity will find a sale in our Bazaar. Donations of manufactured articles, or materials for manufacture; of dry goods; of groceries; of products of the farm, the garden, or the dairy; of toys, books, pictures, stationary, &c., &c., will be very acceptable. They who have time to bestow, may use it, most profitably, in preparing various kinds of *nice needle* work. This is much in requisition, and commands speedy sales.

To all who are in any degree interested in our cause, we say, that any donations of money, or the equivalents of money, which may be entrusted to us, will be profitably disposed of, and the proceeds devoted to the dissemination of anti-slavery doctrines and sentiments throughout this nation.

Sarah Pugh,
Anna M. Hopper,
Lucretia Mott,
Huldah Jackson,
Jenette Jackson,
Mary Grew,
Margaret Jones,
Gulielma M. Jones,
Maria M. Davis,
Elizabeth M. Davis,
Emily W. Taylor,
Sarah A. McKim,
Clementine G. Ruby,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Mary T. Stickney,
Elizabeth J. Lewis,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Rebecca Plumly,
Mary M. Jennings,
Mary Tesse,
Mary A. W. Johnson,
Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Hester Reokless,
Margaret Griscom,
Olive Bacon,
Margaretta Forten,
Emma Parker,
Sarah L. Child,
Anna M. Child,
Abby Kimber,
Martha Kimber,
Rebecca S. Hart,
Elizabeth Gay,
Hannah Haydock,
Eveline Supplee,
Mary Shaw,
Susan W. Shaw,
Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,
Mary A. Hall,
Lydia White,
Sarah M. Douglass,
Hannah Steele,
Anne Parker,
E. Clendennon,
Sarah Kenderdine,
Cynthia Collins,
Martha A. Galvin,
Rosanna Thompson,
Annie Shoemaker,

Twenty-First National Anti-Slavery Bazaar—To be held in City of Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1854.—The Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar beg leave to present their appeal for aid and sympathy once again to every lover of Freedom, whose eye this paper shall reach. We do it in the spirit of that hope which is power, pledging our own most earnest exertions in the slave's behalf, and feeling therefore at liberty to implore the same at the hands and hearts of others.

The present is no time for faithlessness, or delay, or inaction. Its thronging events announce that the *Hour* draws nigh which is to decide, in this nation, the great conflict of Freedom with Slavery. To such an hour shall *Men* be wanting? Shall it find a people weak, timid, selfish, alive only to material success and enjoyment, or shall it be able to summon to its emergency the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the religious faith that bring in their very nature the assurance of success?

The cruelty, the baseness, the danger of slavery is fast becoming apparent to the whole North. Her next lesson must be, that no human legislation can sanctify crime; that if, indeed, slavery be a sin against God and an outrage on man, all laws for its support are part and parcel of the original atrocity, and are to be disobeyed at all hazards.

The most abominable crimes ever perpetrated against humanity have been committed in the name and under the sanction of Law. The persecutions of the early Christians, the persecutions of all the seceders from the dominant church in centuries gone by, the Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Witchcraft Delusion of New England, the recent imprisonment of the Madiai, are examples of the truth of what we say. The legal enactments of their day gave sanction to them all even as to the Fugitive Slave Law now.

For the authors of these deeds, shall it be more tolerable in the day of judgment that they trampled under foot the commandments of God, *legally?*

The diffusion and support of those great principles of Justice that underlie the Universe is the work that [illegible] foundation principle, we assume *the right of a man to himself as against the world*, and we accept every consequence that legitimately flows from this doctrine.

All disposed to co-operate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned Committee.

Anne Warren Weston,
Mary May,
Amy M. Remond,
Maria Weston Chapman,
Sarah Shaw Russell,
Mary Gray Chapman,
Susan C. Cabot,
Frances Mary Robbins,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Sarah Blake Shaw,
Mary Willey,
Sarah Russell May,
Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Elizabeth Gay,
Anne Greene Phillips,
Louisa Loring,
Augusta G. King,
Helen E. Garrison,
Henrietta Sargent,
Eliza Lee Follen,
Caroline F. Williams,
Lydia Parker,
Caroline Weston,
Eliza J. Eddy,
Evelina A. S. Smith,
Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Mary H. Jackson,
Abby Francis,
Anna Shaw Greene.

Miscellaneous Department.

BARBARA'S NUPTIALS.

NINETY-FIVE years have passed since Barbara was married. Her tears and her blushes survive in the journals of her sister, and from them I shall here condense and put together a few details that may interest persons married or about to marry, though they do relate to a strange country and a past time—to Poland as it was a century ago. The form of the young lady's journal I retain, and begin with the ninth of January, seventeen hundred and fifty-nine.

The ceremony of betrothing Barbara to the Starost Swidzinski took place yesterday. When we came down to dinner as usual at twelve o'clock my mother put into her hands an entangled skein of silk, upon which she blushed, and appeared unable to raise her eyes. She was the object of every one's notice, and the Starost himself watched her constantly. During dinner, Macienko, our jester, kept the company alive with his sly jokes. I laughed as much as any one, though I understood little enough of what was said. At two o'clock, dinner being over, Barbara seated herself in the recess of a large window, and began her task of unravelling the knot of silk that had been given her. Upon this, the Starost approached, and said to her in a loud tone, "Am I to understand then, madam, that you do not oppose yourself to my happiness?" and Barbara made answer in a low and trembling voice, "My parents' wishes have been ever sacred to me." That was their whole conversation.

When the attendants had all quitted the room, the Palatine Swidzinski, followed by the Abbé Vincent, conducted the Starost to the sofa upon which my parents were seated; and addressed them thus: "My heart is filled with sentiments of the sincerest affection and the most profound esteem, for the illustrious family of the Corvin Krasinskis, and it has long been my fondest desire that our modest arms of Polkozic should one day be quartered with the splendid and glorious ones of Slepsoron. My happiness is complete in finding your excellencies willing to allow this. Your daughter Barbara is a model of grace and virtue; and my son Michel is the pride and consolation of my old age. Deign, then, now to confirm the promises you have given for the union of this young pair." The Palatine then took from one of his own fingers a diamond ring, and placing it on a salver that the abbé held, went on to say: "This ring I received from my parents, and placed upon the finger of my lamented wife upon the day of our betrothal. Permit my son now to place it on your daughter's hand, as a pledge of his unalterable love and true devotion."

The Abbé Vincent then delivered a discourse, which was so foggy with Latin, that I could not make it out, and my father replied: "I am delighted to confirm the promises I have made, and willingly consent to the union of my daughter, and the Starost, upon whom I bestow my blessing, and to whom I give up all my rights over my child." My mother placed on the salver a grand diamond ring, containing a miniature of Augustus II., saying: "I concur in what my husband has said, and present my daughter with this ring, the most precious jewel of our house. Stephen Slumiecki, my father, received it from the hands of Augustus II., when he concluded the treaty of Karlowitz, in which the Turks agreed to render the fortress of Kamieniéc-Podolski to the Poles. It was with this ring, the memory of which is so dear, that I was betrothed. I bestow it now upon my child, in the fervent hope that she may be as happy in her marriage as I have been in mine."

When my mother had done, my father called Barbara to him, but the poor girl was so confused and full of trembling, that she seemed positively unable to move. At last, however, she was stationed by my father's side, and the abbé pronounced, in loud Latin, the nuptial benediction. One of the rings was then given to Barbara, the other to the Starost. He placed that which she received upon the little finger of her left hand (which we call the heart finger), and fastened it down with a kiss. She in turn presented her ring to the Starost, but was so agitated, that she could not succeed in passing it over his finger. He again kissed her trembling hand, and threw himself at the feet of my parents, swearing to devote his whole life to the happiness of their beloved daughter. The Palatine then kissed Barbara on the forehead, and the Colonel his son, and his nephew the abbé paid her a thousand compliments, while my father was filling a large goblet with old Hungarian wine. He first drained it himself to the health of the betrothed pair; and it was then filled and refilled, to be handed round, until all the gentlemen present had followed his example. This ceremony of the betrothal appeared to me so solemn and affecting, that I cried from the beginning to the end.

"Do not weep, Franusia," said the jester to me; "your turn will come. Wait only a year!"

"A year! Oh, that would be too soon; but I should dearly like to be married in two years, I confess."

For the first time in her life, on this eventful evening Barbara was kissed on the cheeks by my father and mother, when she bade them good night; and since yesterday, she has been treated by everybody in the castle with extreme respect. She is overwhelmed with congratulations and compliments; and I think that there is not one of our household who is not wishing to be taken into her service.

Our parents have held a long consultation today about Barbara's trousseau, which ended in my father's placing a thousand Dutch ducats in my mother's hand, with orders to prepare everything that she considered necessary. To-morrow, Mademoiselle Zawistowska, a lady of confidence, who has been brought up in the castle, sets off for Warsaw with the commissary, to make purchases. In the wardrobe there are four great chests of plate, kept for myself and my three sisters. My father ordered Barbara's to be brought to him this morning, and, after examining its contents, commanded that they should be taken to Warsaw to be cleaned.

The Palatine and the Starost leave to-morrow for Sulgostow, where they have preparations to make for the bride's reception. My father has ordered letters announcing the wedding, to be carried by the chamberlains to different parts of Poland. The eldest of these chamberlains—gentlemen all of noble birth—attended by a groom splendidly equipped, is entrusted with letters for the king, the princes, the lord primate, and the chief senators, begging their blessings on my sister's marriage, and expressing appreciation of the honour that would be conferred upon us by their presence. What splendour it would give to the wedding if one of the royal princes really would come! But so much bliss is not to be expected; the king and his sons will content themselves with sending representatives, according to the usual custom.

Our castle is in the greatest tumult of preparation. As for the Starost and his generosity—let good works use their own eloquence. He has given us all such lovely presents. I have a turquoise pin; Zozia, a ruby cross; and Marynia, a Venetian chain. My father even condescended to accept a splendidly enamelled cup, and my mother a beautiful little casket inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Madame, too, our French governess, was not forgotten. She found in her room this morning a handsome lace mantle. She praises to the skies the generosity of Poles, but she allows them no other good quality.

This morning the whole court went hunting. To do that is an old custom, which they say brings luck to the betrothed. Formerly, the lady was obliged to show her ancle to the hunters, before their departure; however, praised be goodness, this practice has fallen into disuse. I think Barbara would have died with shame if she had to submit to it. Macienko wanted to persuade her, declaring that by refusal she would spoil the hunt; but he was wrong, for a wild boar, two deer, an elk, and a number of hares, were brought home. The Starost, who had slain the wild boar, laid it in triumph at the feet of Barbara. Previous to the setting out of the hunters, my father had given to the Starost a mare with splendid housings, and a groom to take charge of her.

(After a few days the journalist makes other entries in her book.)

We are making gifts for Barbara. I am embroidering her a morning dress, which will be very sweet; Marynia is working a straw-coloured muslin with dark silk and gold thread, and Zozia is engaged upon a splendid toilet cover. My mother is unceasingly occupied with the trousseau; she opens all her cupboards and coffers, and takes from them quantities of linen, cloth, furs, curtains, and carpets. I assist her as much as I can; and she is so good as to consult me about many things. She is scrupulous about making the portions for all her daughters exactly equal: so very scrupulous, that she has the chaplain fetched from time to time to judge as a Christian teacher of the righteousness of her division.

The tailors and the trimmers who have arrived from Warsaw will scarcely finish their work in a month; the linen is all ready, for the ladies of our suite have helped a great deal in making it, and it has been in hand during the last two years. They are all busy now in marking it with the letter B and K. Well they will know how to make these letters!

Barbara's trousseau will be magnificent. Poor girl! she does not know what she shall do with so many dresses. Until now we have had only four apiece: two brown woollen ones for everyday wear, a white one for Sundays, and one more elegant for days of ceremony. We found these quite sufficient, but my mother says Madame the Starostine will require a very different toilette to that of Mademoiselle Barbara; and what is proper for a young girl would not be at all fit for a married lady. The skein of silk my mother placed in Barbara's hands on the day of her betrothal is being made into a purse for the Starost. It was a trial to her patience and skill to disentangle it, without breaking or soiling the silk. She has succeeded admirably; so, as Macienko says, she is quite in a fit state to be married.

(Later still the journalist writes to the following effect.)

The Starost returned yesterday evening; and this morning Barbara found on her work-table two handsome silver baskets, filled with oranges and bon-bons. She distributed some of them to us her sisters, and the ladies of our suite; the rest she gave to the lady's maids. My mother has presented Barbara with two large feather beds, eight large pillows of goose-down, and two small pillows of swans'-down. The covers for the pillows are made of linen spun in the castle; over those there are cases of crimson silk, and then handsomely worked lawn covers, richly trimmed with lace.

(After another week or two there are some other little matters registered.)

The Starost, after having passed a week with us, is gone again; when he returns next it will be to carry Barbara away. I cannot imagine her going away with a man who is almost a stranger to her, and yet I believe she grows to like him better every day, though it is true he never talks with her. His attentions are confined entirely to our parents. That, they say, is the way for a well-bred man always to pay his addresses, because it is by pleasing the family of his expected wife that he should endeavour to win her affections.

The wedding will be in three weeks. Barbara has presented a handsome new dress to her sister, and one also to every young lady in the castle. Nearly all the persons who were invited to the wedding are to come, but the king and the princes, as I expected, will come only by their representatives.

Time runs on, and the chronicler dilates on the arrival of the guests, the filling of the castle and all the buildings round about with company, the dispatch of the bride's chattels to Sulgostow, including two great cases filled with mattresses, beds, pillows, and carpets, the coffer of plate, and hundreds of things besides; the curtains of blue damask ornamented with bunches of blue and white ostrich feather. Borch, the king's representative, arrives; so does the Duke of Courland's.

Their entry was magnificent. Several cannon were fired, there was a constant discharge of musketry, and our dragoons presented arms. The band also played at intervals. I never in my life saw anything so imposing and so beautiful. To-day the marriage deed was drawn up in the presence of all the assembled guests. I understood nothing of the formalities; but the presents for the bride were most superb. The Starost gave her three rows of Oriental pearls, and a pair of diamond ear-rings; the Palatine, a large diamond cross, an aigrette, and a diadem of the same; the colonel who is ever amiable and gallant, presented her with a delicious watch and chain from Paris, and the Abbé Vincent gave her some old teeth and other relics. Till now, Barbara had never worn any ornaments; the only thing of the kind she has possessed, is a little ring, adorned with the image of the Virgin. This, I know, she will not part with, although she has now so many costly things. I must leave off writing, because they have just brought me my embroidered dress, beautifully got up; the work has a very good effect. I must put just a few more stitches to it, and then I will carry it to Mademoiselle Lavistowska, that she may present it to my sister on her waking. How pretty she will look in it!

(The wedding at last takes place on the twenty-fifth of February, and on the day following the diarist is busy.)

Macienko says, "If a thousand horses were sent after Barbara Krasinska now, they could not reach her—she has become Madame the Starostine!" How can I ever write all that took place yesterday? Early in the morning we all went to Lissow, where the bride and bridegroom confessed and received the sacrament. They knelt before the great altar, and after mass the priest gave them the benediction. Barbara—I was enchanted with her for it—had put on my pretty morning dress; but the weather being very cold, she was obliged to wear over it, a white satin pelisse, lined with fur, which rather tumbled it. From her head a white blonde veil fell to her feet.

On returning to the castle, a great breakfast was served; after which Barbara retired to her room, my mother and twelve married laidies accompanying her, to preside over her toilet. She was then attired in rich white moiré dress trimmed with Brabant lace, worked with silver. She wore a long train. At her waist she had a bouquet of rosemary, and in her hair a branch of the same, fastened by a golden clasp, on which was engraven the date of her marriage, and a complimentary verse suitable to the occasion. Barbara looked very beautiful in this dress. My mother would not allow her to put on any of the jewels, for she said, "A bedizened bride becomes a weeping wife." I am sure Barbara need not become that, for she has cried out, in the last few days, a whole life's tears.

In the bouquet that was worn by my sister at her waist, there had been put a golden coin, struck on the day of her birth, a piece of bread, and a little salt; for we believe that when the custom is observed the married pair will never be in want of funds or food. We add also a morsel of sugar to make marriage palatable to the last.

I and eleven other young ladies, none older than eighteen, preceded Barbara to the drawing-room; we were all in white dresses, and flowers in our hair. The Colonel and the Abbé Vincent were awaiting us at the entrance to the great saloon, and the Starost, with twelve cavaliers, advanced to meet us as we entered. After them was carried a large tray, loaded with bouquets of rosemary and mirtle, with citron and orange blossoms, tied with white ribbon. We had taken with us gold and silver pins, with which to attach them to our dresses. My mother and the other ladies who presided over the ceremonies had very carefully instructed us concerning our behaviour; but, although we had paid the greatest attention to our lessons, as soon as we passed into the drawing-room all were forgotten. We began by placing our bouquets at our waists, with a very serious air, but then we felt irresistibly inclined to laugh. We behaved in so silly a way, and did everything so awkwardly, that we were quite ashamed of ourselves; but our follies were all kindly overlooked. To tell the truth, I do not wonder at it, for I have often noticed that few people are offended at young girls, especially when they are trim and pretty.

Our gaiety affected old and young. There was no end to the demand for bouquets, and though many asked who had no right to them, we supplied all with a good grace. The huge pyramid of flowers soon disappeared, and as we had not nearly store enough of gold and silver pins, so we were obliged to have recourse to common ones; but, as we gave them they were received with pleasure. Very soon the room came to look like a garden in full bloom.

At last the folding doors were thrown wide open, and Barbara, supported by two ladies, made her appearance. She was all tears, and advanced with trembling steps, striving all the while to restrain the sobs that shook her bosom. The Starost, with a compassionate look, advanced to meet her, took her by the hand, and led her before our parents. They knelt down and received their blessing. Then they rose and walked round the room, each person wishing them happiness. Then all the company proceeded to the castle chapel. The Abbé Vincent stood before the altar. The [illegible] and Kochanowski that of the Duke of Courland, each offered a hand to Barbara, and the Starost gave his to Mademoiselle Malahowska, and to me. My parents, the rest of our family, and all the guests, walked after us two by two. Nothing was heard but the rustling of silk dresses. An immense number of wax candles burnt on and around the altar; a rich cloth of gold and silver tissue covered the steps; and two knee-cushions in crimson velvet, on which were embroidered our arms, and those of the Swidzinskis, stood ready for the use of bride and bridegroom. They knelt down on them, and the bridesmaids and the groomsmen stood right and left of the altar. I held a golden plate, on which were the two wedding rings. My father and mother stood up behind Barbara, and the Palatine behind his son.

Then, the Veni Creator resounded through the chapel, the Abbé Vincent pronounced a long discourse, almost wholly in Latin, and the marriage service really began. Notwithstanding Barbara's tears and sobs, she made the responses well enough. After exchanging rings the newly married people once more threw themselves at the feet of my parents, and received their blessing. At this moment, at a signal from the master of the ceremonies, the Italian vocalists, who had been sent for expressly from Warsaw, began singing, accompanied by the music of the band. Outside the chapel our dragoons kept up a continual discharge of musketry, and at intervals fired off the cannon. When at last this noise ceased and it was possible to be heard, my father made a sagacious speech, by which Barbara was so utterly overcome that she was quite incapable of making any reply, and again threw herself at her parents' feet. They tenderly raised her; compliments and felicitations poured in from all sides, and in the midst of the full stream of them we marched back to the drawing-room. Soon afterwards dinner was announced and we adjourned to the great dining hall. The tables were arranged in the form of the letter B; the service was magnificent. In the centre was an edifice of sugar, four feet high, which had cost the confectioner a fortnight's labour to prepare. It represented the temple of Hymen, adorned with allegorical figures, and surmounted by the arms of the Krasinskis and the Swidzinskis, surrounded by a wreath of inscriptions in French. There were many other beautiful things, such as china figures, and gold and silver baskets; for, in fact, the table was so covered, that our dwarf Peter could not have found a place on it for one of his feet, much less have walked about between the dishes, as he does sometimes by my father's wish.

It was impossible for me to reckon up the feast, and I fancy the cellarer must have missed count of the bottles of wine that he sent up. I only know that there was a tun of Hungarian wine emptied during the dinner. It was called Mademoiselle Barbara's wine; for in accordance with an ancient custom, my father had bought it on the day of her birth, intending it to be drunk at her wedding. Toasts succeeded each other with scarcely any intermission. They drank to the newly-married pair, to the state, to the king, to the Duke of Courland, to the prince primate, to the clergy, to the host and hostess, and to the ladies. After each toast the glasses were broken, a cannon was fired, and a blast was blown on a trumpet. When the dessert was ended, all this noise was succeeded by the greatest stillness, and we had an idea that my father was about to give the signal for rising from table: we were quite mistaken. He called for the master of the household, to whom he gave some order in a low voice; upon which he left the room, and soon returned, bringing with him a little black morocco box, that I had never seen. My father opened it, and took out a golden cup in the form of a crow, studded with precious stones. He showed it to the company, and told them it had descended to him through a long line of ancestors, and that he had never touched it since his wedding day. The cellarer then handed him a large bottle, covered with dust; and my father informed us, with an air of pride, that the wine in it was a hundred years old. He emptied the contents of the bottle into the cup, and as the cup was larger than the bottle, added some of the same wine from another flask, then emptied his goblet at one draught, to the health and prosperity of bride and bridegroom.

This toast was received with enthusiasm. Music became louder than ever, and the cannons all thundered at once! The cup went the round of the table, and into it and out of it there passed another hundred bottles of old wine. After this every one left the table—the gentlemen as well as they could, with after dinner feet.

By this time it was night; the ladies therefore retired to their rooms to dress for the ball; only the bride and bridesmaids remained as they were. When the fumes of the wine had dispersed a little dancing was talked of, and the king's representative opened the ball with Barbara. A polonaise was first danced, then came minuets and quadrilles; but, when the company grew to be more animated, mazurkas and cracoviaks usurped their places, gentlemen became energetic (regular hop-Poles). Kochanowski, the Duke of Courland's representative, dances the cracoviak admirably. The person who is at the head of the line in this dance sings a couplet which the others all repeat, so Kochanowski improvised one on the occasion, something like this:

Oh to-day I would neither be emperor nor king,
I but envy one man, I desire but one thing;
Oh that I were the Starost, and Barbara my bride,
I'd ask nothing else in the world beside!

At last the dancing and the drinking, which had again begun, were interrupted, and a chair was set in the centre of the room. The bride seated herself in it, and the twelve bridesmaids began to unfasten her coiffure, singing all the while in the most melancholy tone; "Barbara! it is all over then; your are lost to us; you belong to us no more!" My mother took the branch of rosemary from her hair, and Madame Malachowska put in its place a little lace cap. I would have laughed heartily at this change, had I not seen Barbara all in tears. The cap suited her face to perfection, and everybody told her her husband would love her—very, very dearly. Who would doubt it; how could he help loving such a sweet dove of a creature.

The ceremony over, dancing was recommenced; and, out of respect for the custom introduced by the court, the bride danced the *drabant* with the king's representative. Then the band played a grave polonaise; the Palatine offered his hand to Barbara, walked a few measures with her, and then consigned her to the next gentleman, who in turn relinquished her to another, and so on, till bride had danced with every one in the room. As the polonaise is more of a promenade than a dance, persons of all ages figure in it. My father at last, after making one round with the bride, gave her up to the Starost, and in so doing gave her up forever. The ball ended with this polonaise, and my mother advised all of us to go to rest.

The married ladies afterwards conducted Barbara to the chamber that had been prepared for her, and there, I am told, speeches were again made, recommendations given, felicitations uttered, and tears shed.

Dear Barbara, I hope they were the last of all her tears.—*Household Words.*

THE EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

FAUSTIN the First, as I have already stated, is now, according to his own report and the general belief, sixty-seven years of age. It is also a well ascertained fact, though not very freely spoken of by his subjects, that he was born a slave on the estate of a M. Viallet, at Petit Goava, in the south part of the island. If he has given his age correctly, he must have been six years old when slavery was abolished in the French colonies by the Directory, in 1793, and when he, in common with the rest of his race in bondage in Hayti, received their freedom.

Both the parents of the Emperor are supposed to have been natives of Africa. M. Viallet was a kind master, and up to the close of his life, which occurred only a year or two since, was treated with the greatest veneration and respect by his distinguished freeman. I heard a well authenticated instance of the Emperor's devotion to him after the revolutions of the wheel of fortune had materially changed their relations to each other.

Shortly after Soulouque's election to the Presidency, in 1847, M. Viallet, then a very old man, journeyed to Port-au-Prince for the purpose of paying his respects to the new government and giving in his adhesion to the new executive. As he was entering the palace he was seen by the President, who went out, and kneeling down kissed his hand. M. Viallet begged him to rise, and said he was ashamed to have the President so forget himself and his position in such a public place. Soulouque replied that he always looked upon M. Viallet as his greatest living benefactor, and though President to the rest of his subjects, he should never cease to look upon him as his master.

Soulouque entered the army as a soldier under Dessalines, about 1804—immediately after the evacuation of the French, and when he was only 17 years of age. In four years he had risen to the rank of sub-lieutenant and aid to General Lamarre. In 1811 he was promoted to a lieutenancy of cavalry, and to a captaincy in 1820. In 1840 he was chief of a squadron, in 1842 commandant of the parish of Plaisance, 1843 colonel and in 1846 general of a division and commandant of the Guard at Port-au-Prince. Such, in brief, is the history of this man's rise, from the condition of a slave the first six years of his life, to the highest rank in the army short of sovereign power, before he was sixty. But his career was not destined to stop here.

In the following year the Presidency became vacant under circumstances too extraordinary to be passed without notice. Riché was elected to succeed Pierrot in 1846, and when he was already 70 years of age. He was probably the most experienced and most highly educated, if not most gifted, executive officer Hayti ever had. During the second year of his administration, while on his return from a visit to the north side of the island, he stopped with his retinue at night to rest at Gonaives. While there, his attention was arrested by the charms of a young creole of rare personal attraction, with whom he desired to form a more intimate acquaintance. His position, and a *douceur* of a couple of hundred Spanish dollars, removed whatever obstacles were interposed to his advances, and for the next seventy-two hours nothing further was seen or heard of the President by his attendants. At the end of that period he appeared among them again, and gave orders to set out at once for Port-au-Prince; but so feeble and exhausted was he, that he required help to mount his horse. He died the day after he reached the capital.

The Senate were immediately convened for the purpose of choosing a successor. They were so nearly divided between the two candidates, that after repeated ballotings there seemed an increasing improbability of final agreement. A failure to elect was to restore anarchy and military rule. The possibility of such a contingency arising, naturally gave prominence to the name of Soulouque, who was commander-in-chief of all the military force in and around the capital. His name was suggested in the Senate, and he was immediately, and I believe unanimously, elected. He had the reputation of being a good-natured creature, with no taste for intrigue, and not much intelligence. He was habitually taciturn, and during the conspiracies which preceded and followed Boyer's downfall, he had been made the confident of the parties, without becoming the enemy of either. He was, withal, a good cavalry officer, and a brave fellow. What other claims he had for the honour that was in store for him he had not demonstrated. He was in point of education and personal accomplishment, inferior to all of his predecessors, for he could neither read nor write, while most, if not all of them, had been educated at good schools in France. But his good nature and obscurity led the mixed bloods to suppose they could get the control of him, while the blacks had confidence in his colour, which they supposed would make him wholly theirs. Both parties were mistaken in their estimate of him. He was not long in letting them know that the man whom they had chosen, without his own solicitation, to be their ruler for life, was determined to be their ruler for life. Intrigues and conspiracies for his deposition, similar to those which had kept the country convulsed ever since 1840, and changed the head of the government five times in as many years, immediately re-commenced. But they were dealt with very differently from those which had resulted in prostrating Boyer and Herard and Pierrot.

Soulouque's administration in 1847, 1848 and 1849 was the type of Louis Napoleon's administration in 1850, 1851 and 1852. Every suspected man was banished or shot, and no species of terrorism was spared to discourage the aspirations of the intriguing race of politicians with which the unsettled condition of affairs for the previous ten years had filled the country. At the time of his accession, the bar, the bench, the press and the various departments of the public service were filled by mixed bloods and men of education. When they found Soulouque was determined to be President in his own way, they began to intrigue for his deposition. He closed up that source of mischief by sending all whom he suspected out of the country, and by shooting those whom he convicted. He filled their places as well as he could, being careful to put no man whom he could not trust, in a place where he could make trouble for the government. It cannot be said that in point of talent or competency for the daily duties of their respective positions, the bench, the bar or the press have been improved by the changes, but they answered the purpose for which they were made. Within a few years after election, the Haytiens had ascertained to their entire satisfaction, that the less they meddled with politics, under Soulouque's administration, the better for them; and since that time, the government has been comparatively tranquil, and about as liberal as an absolute despotism ever was or can be, though, of course, not as intelligent as it might be, and, in so far, less beneficent.

But the slave of M. Viallet had not attained the height of that eminence which his destiny had assigned him. During the second year of his presidency he was invested with the power and title of Emperor. The change in the constitution and form of government was a matter of general surprise, and I believe of regret, to the better class of Haytiens; but nevertheless the change was made, as it was subsequently made in France, upon the almost unanimous petition of the people. Some friends of the President who hoped by this piece of sycophancy to secure a higher place in his regard, started the thing, and under the impression that it was with the President's concurrence, no one dared to oppose it.*

The petition was signed by about four hundred people, consisting, according to the expression of the General-in-Chief, Vil Luban, "of all that was most notable in the place." Petitions of similar import were sent in, signed by all the generals of brigade and adjutant-generals, and all the colonels and captains of the guard. The first petition was put in circulation on the 20th August. At the session of the Chamber of Representatives, on the 25th, the subject was brought to their notice, and a law was immediately passed conferring the title and dignity of Emperor upon the President, and continuing the existing laws in all their vigour until the necessary changes could be made by the legislative body.†

The bill was sent immediately to the Senate, and passed by them the same evening. On the following day, just five days from the date of the first petition, the following proclamation was issued:

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE AND THE ARMY.

Faustin Soulouque, Emperor of Hayti, to the Haytiens:

The faithful organs of the nation, the Chamber of Representatives and the Senate, by a spontaneous vote, have conferred upon me the title of Emperor. Slave of the country which has confided its destinies to me, for the glory and honour of which there is no sacrifice I am not ready to make, it is my duty to accept, without hesitation, but with a feeling of profound devotion, the new burden imposed upon me.

Full of confidence in this supreme judgment, which on two solemn occasions has proved its beneficent solicitude, I cherish the happy hope of worthily responding to your attempt to maintain all the institutions which guaranty the rights of citizens, to make peace and order reign throughout the empire, to make the principles of liberty and equality to triumph, and to maintain, at every sacrifice, the independence of our country and the integrity and indivisibility of its territory.

Haytiens, the legislative bodies will be immediately convened for the purpose of revising the constitution, and harmonising it with the new order of things. I will observe and cause to be observed all its prescriptions. I swear it in face of God and man.

Haytiens! let the new era which now commences be marked by the most complete fusion of hearts, let all passions, if there exist any among us, be soothed, and let us all press the hand of reconciliation on the altar of our country.

Live Liberty and Equality!
Live Union and Concord!
Live Independence!
Live the Empire of Hayti, one and indivisible.

Given at the Imperial Palace of Port-au-Prince, the 26th day of August, 1849, in the 46th year of our independence, and of our reign the first.

(Signed) SOULOUQUE.

When it is borne in mind that Soulouque was born a slave and was the offspring of slaves born in Africa; that he had no education whatever himself; that he was elected President of the republic before he could read or write one word; that he never visited any more civilized country than the one in which he lived, and which had been distracted by foreign and intestine war almost uninteruptedly from his birth; and that he had never had an opportunity of hearing or learning any of the lessons acquired by the experience of elder and more fortunate nations, one is constrained to admit that he is no common man; and that, measuring his present elevation from his point of departure, and weighing his successes against his opportunities, he has proved himself entitled to no inconsiderable prominence among military heroes.
—*Letters to the Evening Post.*

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*The petition ran as follows:

To the Members of the Chamber of Representatives and of the Senate:

GENTLEMEN: The Haytien people, jealous of preserving intact the sacred principles of their liberty, acquired at the most glorious price of their blood; and wishing to perpetuate to a future generation the recollection of the epoch when this act was proclaimed, come to-day to bring to the notice of your august as- [illegible] to sanction, since they are in all hearts.

Appreciating the inexpressible blessings with which his excellency the President Faustin Soulouque has endowed the country since his coming to the Presidency, and acknowledging the incessant and heroic efforts of which he has given proof, on more than one occasion, for the consolidation of our institutions, the Haytien people confer on him the title of Emperor.

You will sanction, we hope, in concert with the Senate, the wishes which spring from all hearts, and which would already be realized but for the respect which we profess for the constitution of the country.

Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of our sincere attachment.

Port-at-Prince, August 20 1849.

†This act ran as follows:

Art. 1. The title and dignity of Emperor are conferred on the President of Hayti, Faustin Soulouque, in acknowledgment of the eminent services this illustrious chief has rendered his country.

Art. 2. The laws and existing institutions shall remain in vigour until the legislative bodies are called to revise and make them conform to the state of things.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

[Translated from the French for the New York Tribune.]

TREBIZOND, Thursday, May 25, 1854.

A FEW days ago there arrived at the quarantine of Trebizond about two hundred Circassians with a live cargo of great variety, but which they found some difficulty to dispose of by reason of the pecuniary straits to which purchasers are just now placed. The traders, who are the steady friends of Schamyl, the Mohammed of the Caucasus, and the bitter and determined enemies of Nicholas, whom in their figurative language, they call the Vulture of the Snows, had for sale forty packages of human flesh. They were made up of a dozen children of from four to eight years old, and of thirty females ranging between fifteen and thirty.

The quarantine doctor requested me to accompany him on his visit to this strange spectacle. The superintendent of the Lazaretto made the merchants and their wares stand in a line, so that he had an opportunity of making a thorough examination of the parties. The Circassians were all very fine men, large, tall and strong. Their figure was as exquisitely beautiful as that of a woman; their limbs were small; their complexion was swarthy—produced by exposure to the mountain air—but their countenances, notwithstanding, bore the impress of gentleness and manly courage; their chests were full and rounded, and their step as proud as that of a monarch upon the stage. Their costume was very picturesque. It consisted of a great coat ornamented with lamb-skin, and which fitted closely; of trousers cut after the Turkish fashion, and made of light coloured cloth; of a cap of grey felt, with a band of lamb-skin, the wool of which was long and curled.

They wore red slippers without stockings, and a cloak of lamb-skin or felt, with which they wrapped themselves with the utmost dignity. After having visited the merchants we approached the individuals they had for sale as near as the guards would permit us. The little Circassians and the females were ranged before the doors of the cells, and from their anxious air seemed to inquire whether we were about to purchase them. The children were beautiful both in form and in countenance. Yet the latter did not exhibit that infantile grace which is so observable in Europeans. They had an expression of gravity, not unmixed with care, which almost made us regard them as little men who had already experienced the trials and difficulties of life. Young as they were, they seemed as if they had already passed through the term of their existence. Their look was that of deep reflection, their gait was slow and staid, their stare was piercing and inquisitive, their mouth pinched and serious.

All these peculiarities filled us with as much surprise as sorrow, for they forced on us the conviction that this anxious air or precocious intellect sprang from fear of the future or from regret at being separated from those mountain scenes around which they had so far passed their youth. They were clad in tattered clothes of no particular cut or colour, and wore no covering on their heads or feet. Their food was the same as that of their parents, and of the coarsest and least substantial kind. It consisted of millet cakes and of spring water, and notwithstanding this innutritious fare they all had blooming cheeks and the appearance of health and strength. We next proceeded to make a close inspection of the females. They were, with the exception of two young girls, all considerably advanced in years and destined to become servants or bath tenders. Their faces, which had a faded air, produced undoubtedly more by fatigue and hardship than by age, bore an expression of profound sadness and of vague inquietude. Their looks seemed to interrogate us as to our intentions respecting him.

One would suppose that they wished to fathom our characters in order to foresee their own destiny, and when they saw that our visit was one merely of curiosity, they cast their eyes upon the ground and waited until they should be allowed to withdraw. One of these females was exceedingly beautiful. She might be fifteen or sixteen years old; the look she gave us was that of a proud and haughty soul, but in her manner there was nothing of that pensive agitation which we had remarked in her companions and even in the little children. Her large, open and lustrous eyes were expressive of a mind that was at once both bold and calm. She no doubt imagined that her beauty would be her protection, and that even her future master could not help but feel its influence. It would indeed be difficult to give anything like an adequate description of this woman. But I have seen portraits which have a strong resemblance to her; they were, however, the works of great masters, which I then believed to have been the creations of their fancy and not the representations of any human beings.

A great master does not, however, deal merely in the fanciful; he delineates what he sees or what he recollects that he has seen. What I admired in this young woman was not so much her exquisite proportions, her grace and her charming countenance as her noble and queenly attitude. Her mein was something like that of Cleopatra; had she a diadem on her head one could have taken her for one of those queens we read of in ancient history, or had she on an oaken chaplet, she might have passed for a priestess among the Druids. This lovely mountain maid, who had passed her life amid the snows of the Caucasus, and whose lot it may be to become one day the wife of a Sultan, wore a sorry garment of coarse blue cloth, which was faded and much stained. It was made after the Turkish fashion, open in front, and exhibited to view an under garment very much soiled, but embroidered with silk of many colours. This garment showed so well the graceful development of the bust that you would have almost sworn that it was pasted to her. It is quite clear that there must be some superior seamstresses in the Caucasus. She wore a white muslin veil, cast back, which was stained and torn, but so attached as to envelope her like a vasal when she pleased.

When we had contemplated this specimen of beauty, so rare in any country, we proceeded to inspect the men, who were the fathers or uncles of females and children for sale. The greater part of the Circassians speak and understand the language of the Turks, and it was in this language that the doctor interrogated them, and received their answers. I shall merely give the translation of my guide:

"What is the price of this child?" said he to one of the Circassians.

"Three thousand piastres," replied the other. [A sum equal to about 600 francs.]

"And what do you ask for the girl?" said the doctor, pointing to the individual just described.

"Twenty-five thousand piastres, neither more nor less;" and seeing that the doctor was saying something to me in a whisper, he added; "That is not too dear, for her entire person is as free from defects as her face. When the quarantine is over, you may make yourself sure on that head. It is only a year since I sold her sister, who is not in any way her superior, and yet she brought me thirty-two thousand piastres. But as we are at present in greater want of money than we usually are, we shall lower the price to get away the sooner."

"And why have you more want of money now than last year?"

"Because we want to buy muskets, and powder and balls."

"What? And is it for the purpose of buying arms and ammunition that you are going to sell your children?"

"Certainly; we wish to drive the Russians from our country, and we have nothing else to sell but our children."

The idea that those men would engage in such a traffic for the purpose of enabling them to struggle against the Russians, made me reflect gravely for a moment. I looked at the doctor of the quarantine to see if he shared my emotion, but he had been so accustomed to these scenes that the present one made little or no impression on him, and he now confined his attention to whether there were any individuals among the lot who required his professional services. But in what light was I to regard these people? Could I admire those men who carried their patriotism and love of liberty to such a pitch as to sell their children? Admiration, no doubt, I felt, but not without a sentiment of deep sorrow.

[illegible] however, on reflection I came to [illegible] these men have engaged in this [illegible] and that it was not merely for the purpose of buying arms, with a noble and heroic intention, that they were in the habit of selling their daughters, their sisters, their sons and their brothers, but that it has been practised by them from time immemorial for the purpose of satisfying the commonest wants. I felt a thrill of horror run through me when I looked at those obdurate and heartless men, smoking and laughing and coolly talking about the fate of their own flesh and blood. I wished to leave the odious scene, but the doctor begged of me to stop and not condemn these men before I heard them in justification of their conduct. He took aside a hale old man, the quick flashes of whose eye denoted birth, intelligence and communicativeness. The latter, being interrogated by the doctor, said that it was from a sentiment of tenderest affection for their children that he and his countrymen were addicted to this traffic.

"It is no trifling sacrifice that we make," said he "in thus separating ourselves from our dear children; but we are consoled by the thought that this separation will be useful to them. In the mountainous regions where we live our daughters are subjected to the greatest hardships. We have neither bread nor clothing to give them. But once that they are sold, they become ladies—they enter the harems of the Turks, they lead a quiet and easy life, they feel no want of clothing in the winter, and they have always bread to eat. And those who chance to get into the harems of the great people have not only clothes and bread at their command, but also, luxury, grandeur and power. They amuse themselves in baths of amber. They have head-dresses of pearls. They have perfumes and music, and everything that the tenderness and love of their masters can procure for them. By their side our sons who have been received by the Turks may become officers in the army, captains, cadis, pashas and viziers. They then bless their parents who have had the courage and good sense to emancipate them from a life of hardships, of struggles and of cruel labours. And then, when we rear them with the intention of selling them, they know that no happiness awaits them in their own country, and therefore they leave it without regret. The Russians who wish to enslave us under the protest that we follow an inhuman trade, are not better than we are. The great Prince (Schamyl), who knows them well, who has lived in their cities and studied their manners and their laws, has often told us of the horrible deeds committed among them. We sell our children, because the soil of our country is unfruitful, because we cannot afford them any other life than that of constant labour and misery that cannot be removed. Yet we have gentle manners, we love each other, and we oblige and assist each other. Among us you will not find the *knout*, neither will you see prisoners nor executioners. The wishes of our old men are always attentively listened to and respected. And the stranger who risks his person in our mountains is always sure of protection and assistance."

The doctor continued his conversation with the old Circassian for a few minutes longer. He spoke to him about Schamyl, who is a king, a prophet, a very god throughout all the Caucasus. Schamyl is a hero even in the eyes of Europeans, but besides this he is a prophet among the Circassians.

"Schamyl is inspired by God," added the old man. "He often retires to the recesses of a cavern, where he remains for five or six days at a time, to hear the counsels which an angel comes to give him. He is a lion in battle. The Russians are not able to bear the glare of his countenance, and when they hear the thunder of his voice, they turn their backs and flee. We have slain many of these fellows, and this is the reason why the Vulture of the Snows (Nicholas) is now levying a bloody war against us. But wait a while; the muskets that we are going to buy will do our business better than the lances. Before long, depend on it, no Russian will dare show his face in our mountains. The great prince has predicted that, and what he predicts always turns out true."

We left the quarantine, and I carried away with me a lively impression of all that I had heard and seen. Here there is a young people, full of hope and overflowing with vitality, for it not only has not exhausted its own vigour, but it is constantly giving out to a neighbouring nation the best portions of it. Here is a people on the borders of Europe, and within fourteen days' journey of the highest civilization. Well, this people, so masculine, so vigorous, so energetic, so sober, so intelligent, and which, up to the present time, has been hardly known to the world, has been cast into utter barbarism by the ignorance and apathy of Europe. We trust that out of the struggle which has now commenced between Europe and Russia, some good will come to those poor countries. Circassia, Georgia, and Abasia still sell their children. This deplorable state of things will, no doubt, cease among our allies from the very contact of the French and British fleets and armies with them. Nor shall this be the first time that the diffusion of civilization shall depend on war, just as the fertilization of the soil is sometimes the effect of the most terrific storms.

DE VALOIS.

COLLEGE HONOURS.

IT may be well, at this season, when the various Colleges of the country are conferring high-sounding titles upon little men, to revive the following letter from an eminent Carolinian, now departed, to the President and Fellows of Yale College.

NEW-HAVEN, Sept. 9, 1830.

GENTLEMEN: Having been prevented from attending the exercises of Commencement, either in the forenoon or afternoon, I was not aware until this morning that the degree of L.L.D. had been conferred upon me yesterday by the Senatus Academicus of Yale. Whether it has ever been customary to hint such an intention to the person for whom the honour is designed, I know not, but in the present instance I had not the slightest suspicion of such an event, or I should have saved myself the pain of writing this letter by a frank declaration of my own sentiments. I exceedingly regret the circumstance, as I have long since made up my mind never to accept such a distinction from any quarter whatever. I know you will do me the justice to believe that there is no institution so much respected and beloved by me as Yale, and that from no other could such an honour be as acceptable as at her hands. But I must not receive it even from her. And the reasons which influence me make this more imperiously a duty now, because the offer comes from the Academic Senate of my own venerable Alma Mater. My first reason is personal; and those at least who know me thoroughly will credit the sincerity of my declaration that I am unworthy of the honour, and I have resolved, conscientiously I know, rightfully I believe, never to receive any mark of distinction, whether so estimated by others, or by myself, when I feel that I do not deserve it. I trust I may be permitted to assign this reason without the charge of ostentation, as I hope I may give the next without the imputation of disrespect. I disapprove the whole scheme of conferring such degrees as D.D., L.L.D., for I must condemn titles in religion and literature as much as titles of nobility. I regard all of them as landmarks of the states of society, and relics of institutions in the world, unworthy of our imitation, and inconsistent with the dignity and simplicity and purity of our own. I regard them so far as we have adopted them, as alien to the best interests of religion and literature, and so far as they exert any influence unfriendly to them. I must not therefore sanction, by the acceptance of the intended honour, a practice which I disapprove.

I am sure I need not say, gentlemen, that nothing but a sense of duty could have led me to bear the pain of this communication. But as I must endure the greater pain of self-reproach, if I were to acquiesce in the distinction intended for me, I feel that whatever may be your wishes and opinions, you will admit that I have only done what was right. With an anxious desire to express myself so as not to go a step beyond the line of strict duty and propriety, and with an equal solicitude to give not the least offence, I trust my sincere intentions will secure the last, though I may fail in the attainment of my first object. Accept the assurance of my gratitude for the honour intended me, and of my regret at the necessity which constrains me to decline it. Accept also for yourselves personally my best respects, and for the prosperity of the Institution under your guardianship my best wishes.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS S. GRIMKE.

A STRANGE phenomenon is described by the London *Morning Advertiser*, as having occurred in that city, and occasioned much excitement among the medical profession. While a young lady was engaged in trying experiments in table-moving, her hands became so firmly clasped as to require great force to seperate the fingers from the palms, and then it was done only for a moment. Since then she had lost the use of her hands.

MOTORPATHIC CARD.—Dr. H. Halsted, formerly of Halsted Hall, Rochester, N. Y., well known as the author of the System of Motorpathy, and by his great success in the cure of chronic and female diseases, has recently purchased and removed to the celebrated ROUND HILL WATER CURE RETREAT, at Northampton, Mass., where, with improved facilities, he will continue the practice of his peculiar System, in connection with the Hydropathic Treatment. [illegible] been, [illegible] the earliest advocates, and has long [illegible] of the Water Cure System. Nevertheless, in the [illegible] of Chronic Diseases, and especially those incident to Woman, experience has taught him that Motorpathy, combined with the Water Cure Treatment, is in all cases much more effectual, and will restore many patients who are beyond the reach of Hydropathy alone. This has been made apparent in the cure of very many nervous and spinal affections heretofore unreached, and of Dyspepsia and Paralysis, and the numerous and complicated diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.

Dr. H. is confident in saying that, in many standing diseases, Motorpathy is the only available remedy. More than seven thousand persons have been successfully treated at his former Institution; and, with the improved facilities of Round Hill, Dr. H. looks forwards to increased success. Physicians are respectfully invited to call and test for themselves the merit of his System.

As a summer retreat for the friends of patients or others seeking relaxation and pleasure, Round Hill stands alone and unrivalled. Its mountain air, limpid water and delightful scenery have given it a world-wide reputation.

His former institution at Rochester is for sale. His work on Motorpathy can be obtained by remitting postage stamps.

Address H. HALSTED, M. D., Round Hill, Northampton, Mass.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

MORRISON & GLENN respectfully announce to the public that their Spring Style HATS are now ready. Their manner of doing business is for cash, and no abatement from the price first asked. The time saved and losses avoided by this course, as well as their being operatives, enables them to sell at much lower prices and others in the trade. Neither oppressing nor being oppressed, they sell the best French Moleskin Hat for $3.50, and other qualities proportionately low. Men's and Boys' Soft Hats and Caps always on hand, suitable to the season. Friends' Hats made to order. No. 41 N Sixth St., below Arch, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.

N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock-picks, Hobbs included.

IN North Fourth Street, above Race, at No. 61, can be found on hand Shirts, Collars, Ruffles, Wrappers, Stocks, Ties, Gloves, &c. &c. Also, Collars, Shirts, Ruffles, Stocks, &c., made to order at shortest notice and in neatest style. CYRUS WHITSON.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail.

Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.

JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | [illegible]ARNER JUSTICE.

FAMILY COAL YARD. Broad street, second yard above Spruce street, Philadelphia. Coal from the best mines, expressly for family use, free from dust and slate, kept dry, and 2240 lbs. given to the ton. The best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Red and White Ash, and of all sizes, kept constantly on hand. We would be obliged to our anti-slavery friends if they would give us a call. Orders left at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, or sent through the dispatch, will be promptly attended to. ELLISON NEWPORT & CO.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers, Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices.

Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

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Those who desire pictures or portraits copied, Stereoscope portraits of themselves, or miniatures on ivory or beautifully enamelled on porcelain, shall be faithfully served at 236 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGY — Removal. — William B. Elliott's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (Simes) building 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. He has, in addition to Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening to visitors —free—and for useful written descriptions of the mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the same will be analyzed. Price $3.

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The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.

Remember the CRESCENT, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Philadelphia. JONES & CO.

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DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the S. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, and supplied with a largely increased stock of Velvet, Brussels, Thread-ply, Ingrain and Venitian Carpets; Oil Cloth, Druggets, Shades, &c., which will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

JOHN W. CLOTHIER & Co., No. 52 N. Fourth st. (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery, Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved or written to order. Portmonnaies, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Card Cases, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Drafts, Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Rodgers', Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery.

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HENRY C. PHILLIPS,
PHEBE D. PHILLIPS.

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227 Arch street, above Sixth, north side, Philadelphia.

CHARLES DUMMIG, 207 Chestnut street, Arcade, and 33 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, Importer of Musical Instruments, Fancy Articles and Toys, wholesale and retail.

At 207 Chestnut street, he keeps the largest assortment of Accordeons, Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Banjos, Flageolets, Fifes, Tamborines, best Italian strings. Walking Canes, of his own manufacture.

And at 33 North Eighth street, the largest variety to be found in the city of Fancy Articles and Toys, too numerous to name, suitable for Presents on birth-day, bridal, philipœne and other occasions, and also for children. In order to insure the confidence and satisfaction of his customers, he will sell at lower prices than any other Fancy or Music store in this city. His motto is—"One Price, Small Profits and Quick Sales." Among the various attractions is an Automaton Baby, which speaks. Call and examine his stock, whether you buy or not.

N. B. All kinds of Musical Instruments repaired in the best workmanship, and also taken in trade.

THOMAS ADAMSON, Jr., of the late firm of Adamson & Roberts, No. 246 Callowhill, west side, Philadelphia, invites the particular attention of purchasers to his large and carefully-selected stock of
New Style Dress Goods; India Wash Silks;
Plain and embroidered Crape Shawls; Parasols;
Neat and plain Goods for Friends; cheap Muslins and Linens;
Fine Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings;
Cheap Cotton and Linen Pantaloon Stuffs, &c.

THOMAS W. MATTSON, Gum Shoes and Boots—130 Market street, S. W. corner of 4th, Philadelphia, offers to the trade, Sole Leather; solid riveted iron frame, iron-bound Travelling Trunks; Packing Trunks, Ladies' Bonnet Cases, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c., by the quantity or single article, lower than they can be bought at any other place in the city.

Boots, Shoes, Goodyear's Rubber Shoes and Skates.

Philadelphia Spring Goods.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, Philadelphia, are receiving and opening daily Dress Goods of all the new fabrics, Silks, Foulards, Grenadines, Tissues, Lawns, Organdies, Zerlines, Bareges. Also, Alpacas, Mouselines, Poplins, Shawls, Silk, Crapo, Cashmere, Broche, Blankets, Flannels, Sheetings, Furnishing Goods, Irish Linens, Linen Drills, plain and best styles. Spring and Summer Goods for men and boys, Vestings, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmaretts. 32 South Second street.

Silver Medal Awarded by the Franklin Institute, 1852.

F. H. SMITH, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Philadelphia.—Porte-Monnaies, Portfolios, Bankers' Cases, Money Belts, Purses; silver, pearl; papier-mache and shell Card Cases; Needle-books; Sewing-cases, with or without the furniture; mahogany, rosewood and leather-covered Writing-desks and Dressing-cases, roll-up Writing cases for Travellers; also a handsome assortment of fancy and useful articles, fine French Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Razor-strops, &c. &c. &c.
F. H. SMITH,
Pocket-Book and Case Manufacturer,
N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street.

N. B. SOMETHING NEW.—Fine Pocket Cutlery and Scissors. Bagshaw's manufacture. Purchasers can depend upon getting a good article. If they do not give satisfaction articles will be exchanged or the money refunded.

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. From this central establishment families may procure the finest qualities of Flour to be had in the market, as care is taken to keep a constant supply of the most desirable brands. Also, Rye, Buckwheat, Indian, Oat and unbolted Wheat Meal, fresh from the mills, delivered by an obliging porter, anywhere in the city and adjoining districts, or on board the different transportation lines leaving the city.
CALEB CLOTHIER.

N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, both Jersey and Western.

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers, Have Removed to Nos. 2 and 4 Merchant street, above Fourth (first street S. of Market), Phila. Plain and fancy *Jobbing, such as* Bill Heads, Circulars, Cards, Handbills, Apothecaries' Labels, &c. &c., and Book and Pamphlet work.

Special attention given to the printing of Periodicals.

LADIES' BOOT and SHOE STORE. Business Enlarged.—The subscriber has constantly on hand, at wholesale or retail, or will make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's English or French Lasting Gaiter Boots, together with a large assortment of Morocco, Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell low for cash.

N. B. Goodyear's Gum Shoes, a pure article, always on hand.
W. C. PARKER,
No. 91 N. Sixth st., east side, 3 doors below Race st., Phila.

CONFECTIONERY.—Leatitia Bullock, No. 89 N. Sixth st., Phila., respectfully informs her friends and the public that she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the very best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

☞ Parties and families furnished at short notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.